

THE LXII
PHAENIX
IN
HER FLAMES.
A TRAGEDY.

The Scene, Arabia.

The Author, Master
William Lower. K



LONDON, 20

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Michael Young*,
1639.

THE
PHAEIX
IN

HERBERT
MUSEUM
BRITAN
MUSEUM
D.Y.

The Scene, Arabia.

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William Lower.



LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Hudson, for Mich. Young.



TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL, MY

Most honoured Cosin, Thomas
Lower Esquire, humbly; Health
and Happinesse.

Sir,

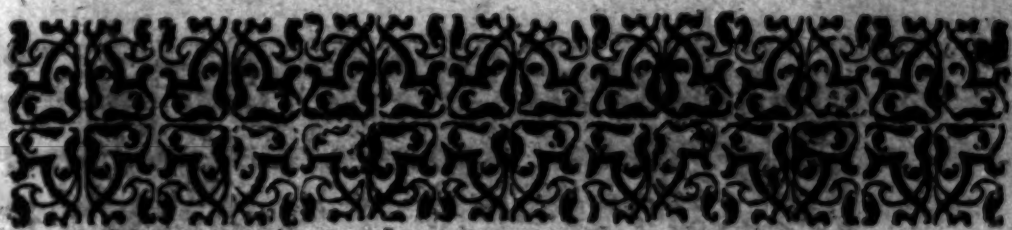


I was once disputed within me, whether to give this poore Phanix birth or buriall, whether to commit her to the fire, and suppress her in her ashes, or let her ascend againe in her owne nature and live; there was onely one reason to perswade the former, and that was your favourable and courteous approbation, divers considerations to urge the later, but the chieftest of all her imperfections. I have adventured notwithstanding by vertue of your patronage, to expose her to the publicke view and censure of the world, no longer now behaving my selfe as I have seene a timorous young souldier at his first entrance i'th'warre, ducke downe the head at every shot of th' enemy, but

rather as a bold and experienced Martialist under your
Colours, runne resolutely on up to the Canons mouth of
the most carping and most malitious Critick whatsoever,
needing no other fortification then your protection, which
is a sufficient guard and defence against their strongest in-
vasion. Cherish this innocent bird that flies into your bo-
some for sanctuary, respect her for her rarity, though shee
can plead no other merit, and in lieu of such noble fa-
vour, she hath vow'd (when she expires) to make her selfe
in her flames your sacrifice, as I

Your servant,

WILLIAM LOWER.



Prologue.

THis aire shall be perfum'd, and every sence
Delighted with sweet smelling frankinsence
And aromatick fumes: for please you know,
Gentle Spectators, from our Sceane doth grow
Abundance of such fragrant stuffe, you'll see
A Play that breathes *Arabian* spicerie,
And such a dolefull story as may take
Your minds to see a Prince and Princeffe fate
Presented, and their hard adventures showne,
Yea make you weepe, and think they are your own:
Our Poet feares none but the common wits,
Who think a Sceane's not good unles it fits
Their merry humours with some apish toyes,
And peevish jeasts fancyed by girles and boyes,
Despis'd by abler judgements, who desire
A sad and solid matter, such a fire
Is kindled for you heere; we feare no blame
Shall brand our *Phanix* in her Funerall flame.



Dramatis persona.

The King of Arabia.

Amandus Prince of Damascus.

Consolario his Tutor.

A Colonell of his.

A Gentleman of his.

Perseus Prince of Persia.

The Embassadour of Egipt.

Alecto Nephew to the King.

5 Theeves.

Rapinus.

Pradarius.

} Captaines of the theeves.

Lucinda Princeesse of Egipt.

Sara her Maid.

Phenicia daughter to the King.

Saba her Maid.

Her Doctor.

Besides Messengers and attendants.



The Phœnix in her Flames.

A Tragedy.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Amandus, Consolario.

Cons.

SIr, do not grieve, it is the chance of warre,
Cheer up, & triumph in despite of fortune,
What falls without the compasse of redresse
To sorrow for, argues a feeble spirit,
And it doth nothing suit your Princely
Too much to yeeld to passion. (minde)

Amand. I confesse,
Morall Philosophy doth teach as much,
And you have given me precepts, read me lectures
Of fickle fortunes mutability,
How madly, and without consideration,
She doth conferre her favours, yet my sufferings
(How great you know my faithfull *Consolario*)
Are of that nature, as but counterpoiz'd
In equall ballance with weak humane frailty,
They would in spite of my resistance weigh me
Down, down unto the ground.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Conf. How noble Prince,
Your passion hath unrectifi'd your minde,
And lead you into errour, did you never
Read and believe what *Scipio Africanus*
Said unto some commanders of his army?
That he did shew a greater magnanimity
In mastering the affections of his minde,
Then in o'rethrowing armies, conquering kingdomes.
Apply this noble Roman, to your selfe,
Sweet Prince *Amandus*, what although your state
Be desperate now, your Country almost ruin'd,
Your army fled, and your chiefe City strait
Besieg'd by these Barbarians, if you can
Beare with a constant patience what the will
Of heaven doth lay on you, no doubt you shall
Purchase a greater glory to your selfe
By manly suffering what you cannot helpe,
Then *Geolon* the *Tartar*, though the fates
Surrender faire *Damascus* to his hands.

Amand. Why should the partiall fates be so unjust,
So cruell to me? had my fortune been
Good as my right, the lot of griefe had falne
Vpon another soile: and thou my Country,
My dearest Country, hadst not felt these wrongs,
These miseries of warre thou now sustaineest;
The carefull husbandman had then enjoy'd
His harvest to himselfe, and reap'd the fruits
Of his owne labours, had not seene his house
Burnt to the very ground, his Vineyards spoil'd,
His fields laid waste; the wofull father then
With bleeding heart had not beheld his daughter,
His fairest daughter ravish'd in his sight,
And his chaste wife lye prostituted to
The lust of common souldiers, whilst alas
He stands spectator of the loathed Scene,
Whole death at last shuts up the tragedy:
These things had never hapned if my cause,
Had been consider'd, nor this staine City

The Phoenix in her flames.

(Whole lofty turrets wrap themselves in clouds)
Had never been begirt thus round about
By forraine foes.

Enter a Gentleman with a letter.

What newes bring you my friend?

Gent. Sir, heavy newes, this letter will inform you
Sent from the Governour, which to bring hither
In a disguised shape, I pass'd the guards,
The trenches and the camps of *Geolon*,
With thousand hazards of my life, all which
I reckon not to doe my Noble Prince,
My Prince *Amandus* service.

Amand. You are welcome,
And we congratulate your safe arrivall;
But in what state did poore *Damascus* stand
When you departed thence? how victualled?
How furnished with ammunition was it?
How long can it hold out? first I will heare
Your sad relation ere I breake the seale.

Gent. O Sir, I'm sorry my unworthy mouth
Should be the organ to convey a sound
Vnto your Princely eares, so harsh as this,
So dolefull, so unpleasant, I would rather
Be silent in a story of such woe;
Yet since you doe command me, know my Liege
The City is distress'd for want of food:
All their provision is consum'd and spent,
And nothing left for to sustaine their lives.
These two moneths have they fed upon the flesh
Of horses, dogs, and cats, now they are driven
To such an exigent, as they begin
To eat sod leather, yea the excrement
Of men and beasts, and which is more, their flesh,
Their proper flesh: this day within *Damascus*,
I saw a sight which grieves me to relate,
It did appeare so horrid, 'twas a woman

The Phoenix in her flames

With hunger pin'd, who had not eat a bit
In seven dayes space of any sustenance,
Forc'd with her knife to cut her infants throats,
That suckt upon her breast, to satishie

With ies sweet fl. In her ravenous appetite:
And for the ammunition of the towne,

As powder, bullets, match, and such materials
Of warre, 'tis almost spent, for three yeeres siege
Cannot but empty well the magazine;
Yet notwithstanding all this misery,

(Such as the like I thinke was never heard
Or scene in any age,) they are resolv'd

(So much their loyal hearts affect their Prince)
Never to yeeld the towne, so long as any
Survives to make resistance, and despise

All quarter, all reward that hath been offer'd
By *Geolon* the Tarrar:

Amand. Consolato.

Where are you now with your Philosophy?

You'r gone, you'r gone, will you preach patience yet

To wretched me your pupill? can you open

Your mouth to that effect in such a deluge,

In such an inundation of my woes?

No, 'tis in vaine, I can receive no comfort:

Open ye watry sluces of mine eyes,

And let out teares enough to drowne my heart,

My heart that's gaul'd for poore *Damascus* sake,

And my deere friends within: O had the heavens

Showr'd catafacts upon me, had their plagues

Drunke up my moylture, till my shattered bones

Had crumbled into dust, had I excus'd

My country with my fall, my peacefull ashes

Had fill'd their urne in silence, whereas now

Even life is tedious.

Consol. Sir, I am your tutor,

And I must chide you though you are my Prince,

When I perceive you erre as now you doe

Through weakenesse of your youth, the I should shew

The Phoenix in her flames.

No love nor duty, these grey haire of mine,
Which time hath turn'd into a silver hue.
Know something of the world, and my experience,
How ere you slight it, hath scene many changes
And alterations wrought in mighty states.
I have waded through the various passages
Of a long life, and therefore can instruct
Your youth in the right way, if you but lend
An eare unto my counsels: hearken my sonne,
I'll tell you plainly, you degenerate
In this intemperance of your griefe,
From the brave stock of your progenitors,
Your royall predecessors; fie for shame.
Wrong not your vertue to be desperate,
Obury not in the forgetfull grave,
Nor drown in this Lethcean flood your glories,
Your former glories purchas'd on your foes
By your so oft relieving of your country
Rowle up your drowfie spirits, and mitigate
Your swelling passions, till I finde a way
A way to cure your sorrowes.
Amand. Heaven reward thee
For this sweet Balsom thou hast powr'd into
My wounded heart, your words have eas'd me of
A great part of the burthen which oppress'd me,
And I referre me wholly to your wiledome,
To perfect what you have so well begun;
Now to my letter, here's sad matter sure.

Opens and reads the letter.

Sir, so miserable is the state and condition of the towne
for want of food to sustaine us (as this deater can more par-
ticularly informe you) that wlesse we have speedy reliefe, I
feare *Damascus* will be taken in upon an assault, for our men
are so weake through hunger, as they are scarceable to come
up and visit the breach, notwithstanding we are resolv'd
rather to dye there, then surrender: so much we preferre
your good before our own safety.

The Phenix in her flames.

Amand. Now *Consolario*, what will you advise me
To doe in this extremity of fate?

Harke how the Ordnance battereth the walles

Of yond faire City, how the Muskettiers

Ditcharge whole volleyes; 'tis some falley sure,

Made by the brave besieg'd; how doe I talke,

They are too weake, too feeble to attempt it,

Poore hunger-sterv'd soules; may it not be

A Mine sprung in the rampire of the rowne,

And an assault made? O I feare 'tis so,

My minde presageth ill, mine armes, *fa, fa,*

I'll once againe attempt for to relieve it,

Although repulled last.

Consolar. Sir, 'tis in vaine,

They are too strong entrench'd for your weake power

To make an entrance, had you not experience

Too sad, last time by the loss of your owne blood,

And slaughter of your men, what folly 'twas

For to attempt impossibilities?

You may fall on, and loose your selfe and souldiers

Vnnecessarily, and to no purpose:

But this you cannot terme true fortitude,

But rather rashnesse and temerity;

For 'tis a policy in warre, sometimes

For to preserve your souldiers, as it is

At other times to put them upon service:

But 'tis not proper now, stay and attend

The sequell of this businesse.

Enter a Colonell.

Colonell,

Can you informe the Prince what did occasion

The shooting that we heard now neere the town:

Was it a fally, or a triumph made

By the *Parasians* for their good successe

In conquering this Kingdom?

Colon. Neither Sir,

But

The Phoenix in her flames.

But an assault alas upon *Damascus*,
A souldier that escap'd, told me the manner,
And thus it was: After the enemy
Had sprung their Mine, which levelled the rampire,
And made a breach that eight might march in front:
They did assault it with their multitudes,
And furiously fell on: thrice the besieg'd,
Though hunger-sterv'd, repuls'd them, thrice they were
Enforc'd to quit the breach, some had their braines
Dash'd out with stones and beames, others with flailles
Receiv'd their deaths, and some whose limbs were sent
To pieces with granadoes, but at length,
Fresh succours from the quarters comming downe,
And *Hydra*-like encreasing, they prevail'd,
When all our men were slaine in the defence,
Before they entred: onely this poore souldier
Escap'd whilst they were pillaging the towne,
From whom I learnt this sad intelligence.

Amand. Now fortune doe thy worst, and if thou canst,
Make me more wretched, I le no longer now
Flitter thy malice; since mine eyes have seene
The finall period of my Countries fate,
Come *Consolario*, thou and I, and these,
Will travell like poore pilgrims through the world,
For I am weary of this desolation,
And as we passe through this and to other Realme,
We will inquire their state, that I may finde,
If possible, a partner in my griefe.
Deere Colonell, dismisse that little Army,
That little remnant which the warres hath left me;
Bid each man seeke his safety where he can,
And tell them if *Amand* ere may hope
To see a change of fortune, and enjoy
Hereafter better dayes, he will then thinke
Vpon their faithfull service, and reward them,
When all these gusts of sorrow are blowne o're,
In ample manner. Now let us obey
Our stars, and follow where they point the way.

Exunt.

Rapt.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Rapinus, Prædarius.

Rapin. Brother *Prædarius*, couldst thou not finde in thy heart to turne Oratour now, and bestow thy best Rhetorick in praise of our most noble profession.

Prædar. If my education, friend *Rapinus* were answerable to my desire, I should write whole volumes upon that subject, so much am I taken with it.

Rapin. How right you jump upon my humour, for when I doe reflect with judicious eyes upon the poor state and condition of our former life, and weigh it with this glorious change, I magnifie my selfe beyond measure for entertaining such brave sparks of honour and true fortitude in my breast, which hath kindled my affections to these worthy exploits.

Præda. And now since you bring that into our remembrance, let us consider what poor mechanick rascals we were, under what slavery we lived, how oppressed by hard and usurping Land-lords, and the like?

Rapin. All this is true, and much more we suffered, but how are these times altered since? how doe we live now my friend? nothing inferiour in command to the King of *Arabia* himselfe; are not all these mountaines ours? these caves and forrests ours? these desarts and wildernesses ours? are we not safe in these fortifications from the greatest powers that can possibly invade? we need not now feare the King nor his imposts, he shall now make us amends, and pay tribute of all such goods as passe this way under our jurisdiction.

Prædar. Tribute say you? it shall be *tributus totalis*, not a part, but all shall be confiscated to our use: all travellers whatsoever, whether *Arabians*, *Jewes*, *Turkes*, *Persians* or *Egyptians*, whose occasions bring them hither either as pilgrims to *Macha*, or as conveyers of rich merchandise over these desarts, must here be content to doe homage, and unload their commodities to enrich the brave mountaineers.

Rapinus. How commendable therefore is this course of how profitable unto us, as when wealth and rich boote

The Phoenix in her flames.

is as it were every day offered to our possession, nothing is required from us but a little valour to make us masters of infinite treasures.

Pradar. And what care we though they brand our foreheads with the names of robbers, thieves, out-laws, rebels, renegados, and such like, whilst we live rich and brave and enjoy our pleasures.

Rapin. True, but wee can give our selves when wee list other attributes, taking upon us the glorious name of souldiers, which we worthily merit in exposing our lives, to purchase wealth and honour, to so many hard and dangerous enterprises.

Pradar. Rightly spoken, for confirmation whereof witnesse so many skarres upon our bodies, so much treasure in our Caves, so many Captives in our chains, all symbols of our mighty darings.

Rapin. But I marvell wee have had no doings today, will there be no Market thinke yee? no travellers? no barriages? no Camels, no Dromodaries? no boote? it was not wont to be so, how comes this change in the name of *Mahomet*, what is the clock prethee *Pradar*?

Pradar. It cannot be lesse, then six, for *Apoll* hath desedallying with *Aurora* more then an houre agoe.

Rapin. By *Fermagant* this is strange, wee were wont to be at our prey as soone as they at their play, how comes it wee heare not from our sentinels wee sent out to discover.

Pradar. Hark I heare them comming, they should bring good newes by their joyfull acclamations.

Enter foure or five of the thieves with shout and cryes.

Rapin. What newes souldiers, are there any travellers stirring this morning, of Caravanes driving over the mountaines? speake quickly, wee are rusty for want of action.

Theefe. Noble Captaine, wee are to discover the plaine, from the top of yonder mountaine, wee might perceive

The Phoenix in her flames.

ceive to descend great troopes of people, but the distance of the place suffered us not to discern whether they were travellers, pilgrimes, or marchants.

Rapin. Which way come they, and whether doe they bend their course?

2 It should seeme they come from *Alexandria*, and are travelling towards *Ormus*, for they take that way.

Rapin. Then they are rich without question; courage my hearts, we shall bee all made by *Mahomet*; need wee animate them *Predarius* with an Oration?

3 *Predar.* It will not need, for you see no dullnesse in them to the businesse, too much wheating will take of the edge of their courages.

4 *Captaine Rapin.*

5 *Captaine Predarius.*

5 What d'ye meane to delay the time so long in talke, and let this rich boote in the meane time slippe out of our hands?

Rapin. Tis well consider'd, and we're glad you are so forward in the action; now my friends

Let's fall on bravely, thus I doe dispose you;

Some yo. shall lie close in ambuscado

Behind the thicket that's within the valley;

Discover not your selves before you heare

Their Cammels passe beyond you, then breake forth

And give a sudden onlet; fifty more

Shall be obscurd from sight behind the mountaine

That lies upon the right hand, and commanded

If it stand with the liking of *Predarius*

By his discreet conduct; the rest with me

Shall guard the passage o're the bridge, and lie

Along the christall River, which so gently

Glides on the left hand by the mountaines foote;

There is no other passage but those three,

Which thus block'd up, the prey must needs be ours;

Now every man unto his charge; we aime

Our attempts at nought but much at gaine.

Exeunt.

The Phoenix in her flames

*Enter Rapinns and Prad, againe with their rabble of
theeves, and the boote brought in in bagges.*

Rapinns. Have we not reason my masters, to adore the
deity of Fortune, for still favouring our attempts, sure wee
are much indebted to that goddesse for her continuall bles-
sings, and we should be very ungratefull if wee did not ac-
knowledge it.

Pradar. Wee are in a double manner bound to her
coursie. First for this wealth, next for sending such a co-
wardly guard to convoy it, for had they behaved themselves
valiantly, wee had not beene masters of our prey, but re-
turn'd home well beaten for our labours.

Rapin. But no more of this, I am glad we have it: now
we will divide it equally among our selves; your share
Pradarins shall be the Jewels and Plate, the Money, Mer-
chandize and other commodities shall be evenly distribu-
ted amongst our men, and for mine owne parr I desire no-
thing but the faire Lady.

Pradar. Ha the faire Lady I must not condescend to
that, she is my prisoner taken by my owne handes, and
therefore belongs to mee as a guerdon of my valour, take
you the jewels, and leave me the Lady.

Rapin. By Termagant thou art a villaine, and shalt not
live an houre for contradicting my will.

They both draw.

Give up all claime to her, or thy life *Pradarins*.

Pradar. Never, thou shalt write that resignation with
thy blood, and seale it with thy heart.

Rapin. Then have at thee——they fight.

1 Forbear good Captaine *Rapinns*.

2 Captaine *Pradarins* what doe you meane, will you
kill one another for a woman, a pox on her, let her bee
common to both, peculiar to neither, enjoy her alike by
turnes.

3 She will find you both employment enough I'll war-
rant you.

The Phanix in her flames.

4 She lookes like a free mettall'd beast that will not faint
in a double careere.

5 When you have spur'd her sufficiently, and shee begin
to grow dull for your service, turne her over to us that we
may back her.

Rapin. She shall be mine, and who dares lay claime to
her besides, forfeits his life.

Pradar. She shall bee only mine mangre the devill him-
selfe.

1 Asswage your furies (I beseech you) and let mee de-
cide the businesse betweene you, since you both claime her
particularly to your selves, and neither will yeeld thereun-
to, referre your selves to the Ladies owne choice, and bee
content to stand to her election.

Rapin. I am content ——— I know I am the properer
man ——— aside.

Pradar. I subscribe to't willingly ——— shee must
needs chuse me for many respects, whose deserts cannot but
be discerned by her affectionate eyes. ——— aside.

Rapin. Methinkes I am imbracing her dainery body al-
ready, whilst thou *Pradarus* stand'st as an envious specta-
tor of my happinesse.

Radar. Alas poore foole how thou art deceived, thou
imbracest *Ixion* like but a cloud in thy imagination, while
the Lady *Juno* the true substance is reserved for me ; marke
thou th'event to thy shame *Rapin*.

Rapin. I come *Lucinda*, thy *Rapin* comes
To court thy beaurie, who in spite of fate
And all the opposition of the world
With this right hand will guard thee, though a troope
Of armed Fiends stood up, grant me but Love
I'll hold thee then though rivall'd by *Jove*.

Exit Rapin.

Pradar. But that I know *Lucinda* ne're will grant
When she perceives *Pradarus* rivals him
Her lovely guardian, I doe see her eyes
Dart amorous glaunces on mee, and her hate
To him shall be discerned in his face

The Phoenix in her flames.

Exit Pradarus.

1 Thief. This is good they are gone and left all the boote behind, but I will not be amisse to discover if the coast bee cleere or no. Ha, ha, ha, they are gone there away by this light, was it not sport camrades to see them fight one with another, what fooles were they to fall out in that manner and leave this unregarded?

2 Let them still disagree so, wee fare the better for't, if this occasion had not happened we had finger'd but a little share of this wealth, I can tell yee.

3 This bagge is mine.

4 And this is mine.

1. But where is my part then?

2 And mine, by *Mahomer* we will not be thus used.

1 This is good y'faith, whilst wee are talking you are taking, my masters you are best let us share with you, give me this bagge Sirrah,

2 And me this, or by.

5. Tis in vaine to strive, you shall get nothing that way but blowes, doe you not know that possession is a maine point of the Law.

1 Cheate us and jeere too, Rogues our partes are your hearts ——— they fall together by the cares.

Rapinus, Pradarus.

Pradar. How now what's the matter here, fighting about the prey, we'll have you all hang'd for this you slaves.

1 Thief. Good Sirs bee patient, and by your good favours, let me tell you we did but follow your example, and we know tis a chiefe maxime in warre that Souldiers are bound to follow their Leaders.

2 Besides Sirs our quarrell beares a better colour with it then yours, being for gold and jewels, your's but for a prettie Wench, pardon our sawey talkings.

Rapin. Well for this time wee pardon you, yet because you shall learne next how to behave your selves better, and to make use of a booty when tis offered unto you, wee will ease you of this burthen, come your bags, Sir your bags.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Predar. And yours Sir, dispatch we must have them all.
Henceforth my friends agree, and differ not
In the division of your boot, nor give
The world occasion to traduce our fame
By confirmation of this proverb old,
When theeves fall out, true men come by their gold.

Exeunt.

Finis. Actus primi.

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Perseus, Ambassador of Egypt.

Perseus **V** Vhat should I think my Lord of this delay,
That holds so long the Princessle of my
My faire *Lucinda* from me, doe not you (life,
Measure the time, and wonder what should be
Th' occasion of her stay? me thinks 'tis strange!

Embaf. I wonder not at all Prince *Perseus*,
Nor scarce expect her yet, for but consider
The distance of these kingdomes, and the tract
Of ground 'twixt *Egypt* and the *Persian* Realme,
And you must then conclude that this is not
A worke of three dayes journey.

Persf. Then my hopes
And languishing desires to see my love
Erre in the computation of the time,
Fancying three dayes three yeeres, but by your leave,
Was't not reported in this Court of *Persia*
More then a mor eth agonet hat she was ready
With her *Egyptian* traine to take her journey?

Emb. 'Tis true 'twas so reported, yet it might
Be a false rumour, grant the contrary
That truth and it concurr'd, yet many thinges
Happen you know between the cup and the lip.
The Princessle then might have been indispos'd

The Phoenix in her flames:

To health and sick and so unapt to travell, might be
Or else he royall Father and my king
(Which heavens defend) might be affected with
H. and discale, and the loath to depart
Before he had recovered better state;
Innumerable other things might happen
Which now I cannot thinke of, but suppose
She had at home no let or interuption,
Yet must they passe the red sea, or be fore'd
To come about by *Isthmus* overland,
Then travell through the desarts of *Arabia*,
Which is a tedious way and not so soone
To be o'recame as you suppose it is.

Perseus. It may be so, my Lord Embassadour,
These are the reasons or such like as these,
But my Propheticall my Delphick minde
Prompts me alas unto another cause
More probable, I feare that glorious Orbe
Where my faire starre moves in (I meane your land,)
Made glorious by her lustre, and envied
By all the neighbouring kingdomes round about,
Should now grow proud, & scorn her beams should grace,
Besides their owne, another Hemisphere,
What thinke you Sir of this?

Embas. It cannot be
Your princely minde should harbour such conceit,
To thinke our land so dull, as not to see
The greatnesse of this empire, and the honour
Egypt receives to match with *Persia*;
But I interpret o'therwise your speech
Applying it unto the power of love,
Whose force is such as it will draw a man
Into Poeticke raptures.

Perse. I approve
Your iudgment in the art, when I but name
Lucinda, that bare sound strikes heavenly musick
Into my soule, and makes my thoughts harmonious,
Each syllable therein is a strong charme

The Phoenix in her flames

To hold me in the labyrinth of love ;
Fairest *Lucinda* why dost thou with-hould
The day so long, and suffer *Persens*
To live in night wanting thy wished presence,
Till thou appeare I can behold no sunne
No beame of comfort, that bright wagoner,
Who doth begin his progresse in the East
And ends it in the West, each day surrounding
The compasse of this lower world, infuses
No light into my senses, for he staves
To borrow some of thee, bright starre appeare.

Embass. Now Sir I see love hath divinely wrought
Vpon your inward faculties, that could
Beget so high a straine as you have us'd
In admiration of the lowd obeist ;
Put love they say is nurse of poetry.

Pers. I thinke no lesse for for ere I was in love
Before *Lucindas* beauty kindled had
A sacred fire in my enflamed brest,
I knew not what it was to poetize,
But now I'll cloath my lines in lable weedes,
And vent my thoughts in an Elegiack name,
I'll sing sad songes untill my mistresse comes
For to inspire me better ; O I cannot
Beare with her absence, what thinke you my Lord
Is she upon her journey, that I may
My selfe in person with some troopes of horse
Ride forth to meete her on the way as farre
As the wild deserts of Arabia stretch
To safe conduct her hither.

Embass. Noble Prince
I doe believe she wants no strong convoy
To guard her ore the mountaines, and more strength
Added, I thinke would be superfluous,
For sure the King knowing the passage well
How dangerous, how long and troublesome
Would ne're consent she should goe weakly guarded,
But you may doe your pleasure,

The Phanix in her flames.

Enter a Messenger in haste.

Perf. Freind, what newes
Bringst thou unto the Court? what speakes thy face
Commixt with dust and sweat?

Messeng. Redouted Prince,
It speakes in characters a story which
Will make you sad to heare, and me to speake,
Which thus I reade unto you, our faire Princesse,
The beautifull *Lucinda* travelling through
The Country of *Arabia*, for to meet
Her happinesse in *Persia* with a guard
Of some few horse and foot, was set upon
By souldiers, what they were I doe not know,
Their number was ten times as much as ours,
Yet we so long resisted as we could,
Vntill the most part of our men were slaine,
Then some were forc'd to save their lives by flight,
Some three or four, no more of which small number
I write my selfe, who tooke my journey hither
Alone to give you notice what befell us,
Let not my newes, great Prince, exclude my welcome.

Embas. But what befell the Princesse all this while,
Her Ladies and attendance?

Messen. Taken prisoners
By two that seemed to command the rest
With all their plate and jewels.

Embas. Know you not
In what part of that fatall soile befell
This sad disaster, or by whom 'twas done?
Was't in *Arabia felix*, or desert,
Or *Petrea* elle?

Messen. Faith Sir I was never
There in my life before, nor did I then
Enquire the true denomination of it,
And therefore cannot satisfie you in
The thing you doe demand,

Embas.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Embaf. But you can tell me
The nature of the place and Country, then
I'll satisfie my selfe: was't sweet and lovely,
Perfum'd with spices and rich Frankincense,
Or was't a rocky soile, and mountainous,
Wilde, unfrequented, full of caves and dennes,
Of wood and desert, you can tell me this?

Messen. I'm sure it was not spicy, for it had
A bitter smacke, we prov'd it to our cost,
Some never could digest it: Frankincense
There was not any, I should smell it then:
Mountaines I saw, and unfrequented pathes,
Resembling well a desert: this is all
I can informe you of by circumstance.

Perseus. How's this? am I awake, or in a dreame?
Dead, or alive? what Apoplex was that
Ty'd all this while my tongue from breaking forth
Into wilde exclamations? O my heart!
My better part, *Lucinda* prisoner!

Heavens what a sound is that, no death so fatall,
So dolefull to my thoughts, *Lucinda* tane
By theeves and out-lawes, worle, and *Perseus*
Uncertaine where she is, still worle and worse.
What shall I doe, dye? that were to no purpose,
And leave her unredeemed: no, I'll first
Raile a great Army, and lay waste that soyle,
That fatall soyle which first procur'd my woe:
I'll cut off this distinction of three names,

Arabia felix, Petraea, and Deserta,

And bring them into one, and that's the later:
Cosmographers shall ne're divide the land
Into three parts, Arithmeticians neither
Shall worke it as a fraction, but entire,
An entire number, term'd by all *deserta*:
The *Phoenix* shall no longer harbour there,
Or if she doe, we will destroy the Spices
Wherewith she alwaies built her funerall pile
To burne her selfe to ashes, and then by

The Phoenix in her flames.

Hinder a second birth: what will we not do for
Doe to revenge this wrong? the worst of ills
That can be thought of is not bad enough
For to afflict that Country which detaines
My faire *Lucinda* from me: I have not
The patience to dispatch an Embassage
And to expect reply: I'll goe my selfe
And by my armies march, my cannons mouth,
My trumpets warlike sound, my beating drum,
The King shall know the business why I come.

Exit.

Amandus, Consolario, Colonell, Gentleman.

Amand. Then you dismiss'd the army?

Colon. As I was

Commanded by your Highnesse, so I did.

Amand. But did you tell my loving friends & souldiers
That in this gratefull heart of poore *Amandus*,
Was treasur'd up their love and faithfull service,
Never to be forgotten.

Colon. Sir, I was not
Wanting in the least part of my commission.

Amand. How did they take my leaving them, and this
my separation.

Colon. At the first unkindely,
Because you would not take them as a guard
To safe conduct your person, yet when I
Enforc'd your love by binding arguments,
They did submit unto your will, and stood
No longer to dispute it.

Amand. Yet their hearts
Were griev'd I make no question, for their losse
And desperate fortunes.

Colon. Not so much my Lord
For their owne fortunes, as for yours appear'd they
Troubled in minde, for when I drew them all

The Phoenix in her flames.

Into a Ring, and told your minde unto them,
From every common souldiers eye, gush forth
Rivers of teares, and after from their hearts
Brake forth these exclamations: O my Prince,
My deereft Prince, why should the partiall heavens
Deale so unjustly with thee, or their malice
Injure thy goodnesse? why wilt thou depa-
So weakly guarded, and expose thy selfe
Yet longer naked to the stroke of fortune?
Why should we be excluded from thy presence
Yet since it is his pleasure, wee'l no longer
Dispute the reasons why, but yeeld unto it:
Heavens prove propitious, let his smiling stars
Shed pleasing influences o're his head,
And guide his journey, let the froward fates

See and repent the wrong they did unto him,
And recompence his losse with interest
For all his sufferings: O what cause have we
To grieve for him, for ne're in any age,
Have subjects boasted of a sweeter Prince.

Amand. This makes me melt againe, and to deplore
Their miserable state and sad condition
That were so touch'd with mine; but
What desert soile is this, that so well suits
My desert minde? what solitary land
That mockes my farre more solitary heart?
What ayre doe we now breath in?

Consol. Sir, this Country
Is term'd the deserts of *Arabia*
Where we now travell in.

Amand. Not that same Country
So famous for the *Phoenix* and her nest;
And for that second *Phoenix*, rare *Phenix*,
(Farre more to be admired then the first)
Th' *Arabian* Kings faire daughter.

Consol. No my Lord,
That's call'd *Arabia felix*, this desert,
So infamous through thefts and robberies

The Phoenix in her flames.

Committed on all travellers by the thieves
And our lawes of the Country, who frequent
These Caves and Mountaines, this and th'other parts
Make but one kingdome, 'twas not my advice
You came this way, you know I told you of
The danger by the robbers.

Amand. Prethee tell me
What should they rob from me that I should shun them?
What have I left that I should feare a theefe?
A jewell, two or three, poor poultry toys
To loose, when I before have lost a kingdome?
You'l say they'l take my life, alas they will not
Be so compassionate to ease me of
A burthen so despiled, under which
I faint, and panting breath this ayre of woe.

Consol. Nay good my Lord, no more of this discourse,
You promis'd once a manly resolution
To tuggle with fortune, will you fall againe
Into relaple of griefe, and sad remembrance?
How poore this shewes in you

Amand. Well, I'll forget it,
And finde some other talke: you told me now
This was a part of faire *Arabia*,
Termed *deserta*, and another part
Hight *Felix*, there's another yet besides,
Or else the history is false that writes it,
How name you that?

Consol. That Sir is *Petrea*,
So call'd of *Petra*, the chiefe City in't,
Or else becaule 'tis rocky.

Amand. Which of these
Arabia felix, *Petrea* or *deserta*
Is that sweet loyle so much commended for
Her gummes and spices, odours, and perfumes?
I'm sure it is not this.

Consol. No, that is *Felix*,
And rightly beares it that denomination;
For 'tis a happy Country, no delight

The Phoenix in her flames.

But flowes abundant there, embroydered fields,
Faire meadowes, pleasant groves, cleare cristall brooks,
Sweet lovely Cities, gardens diapred
All o're with *Flora's* richest tapestry,
Are seene there all the yeere, continuall spring,
Dwels in that coast, white hoary bearded *Hymen*,
Ne're shakes his snowy tresses, nor his frosty
Nips the faire flowers that beautifie her breast,
Nor boysterous *Boreas* with his winter blasts,
Shakes her faire fruit, but delicate *Favonius*
Creeps gently o're her fields with flowry breath,
Creating gummes and spices; sure it is
The garden of the world, the *Phoenix* else
Had never chose that place above all other
To recreate her selfe in: your *Damascus*
Is but a desert if compar'd unto it.

Amand. But good old man, have you forgotten that,
Before the Tartar did invade my land,
We had laid downe our travell there to see
The much admir'd *Phenicia*, when the sight
Of this faire picture did captive my heart:
What motion doe I feele againe within me,
To blow the fire rak'd in forgetfull ashes,
And halfe dead in *Damascus*?

Enter Pradarim with 3 thieves.

Pradar. Stand, and give up your purses, or your lives,
We require one or both.

Amand. Do'st thou not see us
Stand with our swords drawn, mine I thus give up into thy
body, ————— kils *Pradarim*.

3 *thiefe* What shall we doe? our Capt kil'd, let's flye.

Gen. As thou hast liv'd with him, so shalt thou dy
And serve him in the other world kils the third *thiefe*.

4 *thiefe*. But I

Serv'd him for feare, not love, and should be loath

To wait on him to hell on such a journey.

The Phœnix in her flames.

Colon. Villaine forsake thy master, that thou shalt not
my sword shall keepe thee in thy true obedience,

Killes him, the other three escape to Rapinus.

Consolar. Blessed deliverance I we have cause to thank
The heavenly powers for this our victory and made such them
And preservation.

Gentle. With what confidence
Of good successe their Captaine gave the onset?
But when the Princes conquering sword dispatch'd him
How soone his theeves were quell'd.

Consolar. Sweet Prince I feare
More stormes for in this clouded Wildernesse
They are most frequent, and I doubt the worst
Is not blowne o're, let's therefore hast our journey
To shelter us in safety.

Amand. I'll not be
Averle unto good counsell though I value
This life at a lowe rate; now let's direct
Our steppes towards that happy soile you spake off;
That I may see though now with humbled eyes
Phœnitia faire, the minion of the skies.

*Enter Rapinus wounded, with all his rabble of theeves lea-
ding in betwene them Amandus, the Collonell and
gentleman also wounded, Consolaris following
after weeping, then enter*

Lucinda.

Rapinus See faire *Lucinda* mine, what triumphs we
Bring to adorne thy conquests, see what captives
Are ready here to waite upon thy triumph,
See what a purple flood hath issued forth
From these two gaping wounds which I receiv'd
To bring these precious jewels to *Lucinda*,
And yet she kills *Rapinus* with disdain,
Did ere your eyes see fairer?

Lucinda Never true lie,
And I beleeve this Kingdome yeelds none such,

The Phoenix in her flames.

They I speake the owner some great personage
From whom did you expect them?

Rapin. From the captive
Who kill'd *Proserpine* and thus wounded me,
And made such havock of our men,
Shall lie in durance for't.

Lucinda. Heavens what a wonder
What an Angellike object strikes mine eyes,
In masculine appearance?
Were you Noble

These jewels were a ransom to redeem him?
And set his friends and him at liberty
At least to barre hard usage.

Rapin. If it be
Your pleasure to command their free enlargement,
I seale unto it, for faire Lady know
You carry such divinity about you
As it converted hath and almost alter'd
(I speake it to my shame) my former nature,
But had I still continued as my selfe,
I had not begg'd this favour, which you know
I might command at pleasure.

Lucinda. You are angry
And all this while mistake me, I as little
Desire their liberty as you your selfe;
But I would have them us'd in gentler manner
Then other prisoners for these jewels sake,
Which take me more then all the wealth you ere
Presented me withall.

Rapin. This cheeres me yet
That now at length, one of my offerings are
Accepted by my goddesse; captives knelle
And reverence her deity whose breath
Hath free'd you from a servitude more darke
Then hell it selfe; now this must bee your prison
This Cave of mine, till we determine further.

Lucind. Would I might be his jaylor and his surgeon,
His wounds bleed

The Rhinoceros in her Palace.

Sir you'll loose your prisoners
Vnlesse some care be taken for their wounds,
Their death can doe no service, first Bleedresse
Your hurts, and then soopiries apply
A plaister unto theirs ———

Rapin. Do what you will, you shall have you.

Lucinda. Your wounds are deep, Sir, ——— dresses him.

Rapin. I beleve they are, ———
And you have one faire Lady who wants dening,
I hope one day to search it and redonne
Your courtesie againe in a kind nature, ———

Lucind. This salve will cure it, ———

Rapin. I beleve no less, ———
There is great venem in this, ———

Lucind. Come, let me dress you, ———

Amand. Me gentle Lady, ———
No let me bleed to death, like *Sever*, ———
Go sleeping to my grave, your paines were ill
Bestow'd on one that's weary of his life, ———
Shew your compassion to my friends, and then
You shall oblige my ashes in their urne
To blesse your bounty, ———

Lucind. I'll not be deny'd, ———
Your friends I dare for too, ———
Were black compar'd to this more whiter skin,
No like so soft ——— aside
Now I have done with you, ———
As I have beene your Surgeon be mine too,
Would he did know my wound ——— all aside.

Amand. To speake my thanks
Would come to short by farre of what I thinke;
I'm sorry Madam your so pretious salve
Should wast be on such a wretch as I,
It better were reserv'd for nobler uses.

Lucind. Now Sir you must receive too from my hand,
This plaister and your cure, ———

Colen. I kisse those hands
That daigne me such a favour ——— dresses him.

Lucinda.

The Rival in her flames

Lucinda. You must feele
The vertue of my salve too

Gentle. As we have
The bounty of your noble disposition,
For both our humble thanks——dresses him

Rapin. Come have you done
You dwell too long there and neglect a cure
Worth all the rest, *Rapin* heart is sick,
And craves a plaister, wounded by your love,
A patient in your care to be preferred
Before a thousand captives.

Lucinda. May be so,
But yet repent not charitable workes
Vpon the poore distressed, if gentle nature
Move not your heart to this, yet let the thought
That they may doe good service in your warres,
(Since you your selfe have seene the valour tri'd)
Work that effect upon you.

Rapin. You plead strongly,
And I cannot repugne your argument;
But are all Ladies so compassionate
And pittifull as you? I thinke they are not.

Lucinda. They are indeed, our sex hates cruelty.

Rapin. Then you should hate cruelty in love.

Lucinda. That's in another nature.

Rapin. Come sit downe,
How long have you professed surgery?
I never saw you practise it before.

Lucinda. I learnt it from a child.

Rapin. Tis a fine art
And well it doth become a Ladies hand
Gentle to touch a wound, but I forgate
To aske my prisoners what and when they were,
And to what place they travell'd, pray demand.

Lucinda. I will Sir--this suites well with my desire--
Faie Sir may I request to know your state,
Your name and countrey, whence you come and where
Your journey lay when this captivity
Betell you on your travell?

Amad.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Amand. Courteous Lady,
You first demand my state, I can resolve you
In these two words; 'tis poore and miserable,
Made so by fortunes malice, and my starres.
My name I humbly crave I may conceale,
My Country is *Damascus*, and therein
As in a booke you may reade out my story;
Have you not heard the fall of that brave City?

Lucinda Yes, and the fame of that more braver Prince
'Admir'd *Amandus*, I beleeve you have
Some neere relation to him.

Amand. Yes, in fortune
I have indeed, for I suppose our sufferings
Are much alike.

Lucinda So are your names and natures;
I make no question, if they were reveal'd,
But I have found enough.

Rapinus He will not tell
His name it seemes

Lucind. That matters not at all,
I gather by his words he is some Knight
Of sad *Damascus*, or some kinsman of
Th'unfortunate *Amandus*.

Rapinus Very likely,
But we spend too much time in this discourse.
What doe I meane? I have not yet given order
To put our sentinells upon the hilles
For to discover boote; come will you walke
And take the aire a little? prisoners come
You shall receive a dram too and no more
But to prepare your stomackes 'gainst the time,
I'll weane you from it.

Amand. Weane me from my breath
Of life, and then I'll thanke thee in my death.

Exeunt

E

Enter

The Phoenix in her flames

Enter the three thieves

1 *theefe* This is worfe and worfe by the Almanack.

2 *theefe* Alkeron, foole thou wouldst say, we doe not use to sweare in that phrale.

3 *theefe* Besides, there is no sence in Almanacke.

1 *theefe* I say there is good sence and meaning in't, if you had the wit to conceive it.

2 *theefe* As how prethee?

1 *theefe* As thus, *grossum caput*, tis worle and worle by the Almanacke, that's as much to say, tis worle with us this yeere then 'twas the yeere before.

3 *theefe* 'Faith thou sayest true, thou hast opened and applyed the point too very handsomely, I commend thy wit for't.

1 *theefe* Besides, did I not shift an oath too very prettily? observe my religion in't as well as my wit.

2 *theefe* I thought thou hadst sworne.

3 *theefe* And so did I by the Alkeron.

1 *theefe* But to our first discourse before you interrupted me: is't not worle and worle with us every day than others? we were wont to have some feeling of the gaine, as well as of the paine, and to share with our Capitaines, now we must be contented to stand to his courtesie, divell share him for it.

2 *theefe* We lost our best Capitaine when we lost *Predarius*, would *Rapinus* had excus'd him, we should had better dayes then.

3 *theefe* What foolles were we to save his life, when hee lay at the mercy of the stranger, I repent it now most heartily,

2 *theefe* And so doe I, but had we knowne he would reward us so, and give us nothing for our labours, he should have gone to hell for me, I would never have staide him.

3 *theefe* And the more to torment his Ghost, we would have made his foe and conquerour Capitaine in his place.

1 *theefe* If he continue thus dogged, we may doe it yet by some trick or other, let him not too much provoke us.

The Phoenix in her flames.

2 theefe All his minde is upon the wench by *Mahomet*,
all is given unto her, nothing unto us but a bastinado now
and then, shall we endure?

3 theefe And yet for all so much treasure as he gives her,
of my conscience she gives him nothing in returne thereof,
no not so much as her maydenhead.

1 theefe Her maydenhead, 'twas a question if she had that
to give him.

3 theefe Then not a vaulting turne, not one single career,
not a foot in the stirrop, or terme it what you will.

2 theefe Nay, I believe scarce a drie kisse unless by force.

1 theefe Then he is a pretious coxcombe, if I were he, I
trow she should give me a dry and a wet kisse too by her
leave.

3 theefe I am clean out of charity with him in good faith!

2 theefe And so are we all for his hard dealings.

1 theefe But we must smother our discontent aswell as

2 theefe What shall we doe now? (we can.

3 theefe To our old trade, to watch for others Profit.

2 theefe Come let's away then, we shall be found eardie
elle, and perchance tould so much by a dumbe instrument
called the cudgell.

1 theefe Indeed he speaks often to us in that language.

(But come comrades the times may alter'd be,

When we shall speake that speech so well as he,

And make him understand us when we call,

As he doth make us now, this may befall.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus.

Actus

Actus

The Phoenix in her flames.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

The King of Arabia, Allecto.

King IN midst of stormes, and these tumultuous times
Of warre and bloud, in midst of troubled seas
Of forraigne states, how safely doe we saile
And steere our course, *Allecto*, in a calme:
No dusky cloud lowres on our ship of state,
No windes of aduerse fortune shake our peace,
But smile and gently breathe a quiet gale:
Blest starres that raignd at our nativity,
Kinde Planet, under whose sweet influence
We were brought forth, deere fortune that confer'd
This happinesse upon th' *Arabian King*.

Allecto It cannot be deny'd Sir, but you are
As much indebted to the gods for favours,
As any mortall Prince, and in some things
Enjoy prerogatives above them all,
As in the wealth and beauty of your land:
Your subjects love, your peace with forraigne Kings
That are your neighbours. Lastly, in this point,
Which makes you more admir'd then all the rest,
In having such a daughter, who for vertue
And beauty both cannot be paralel'd
By any other Princeesse, and I thinke
Hath not her equall in the world besides.

King She is my chiefest joy I must confesse,
And the sole staffe of my declining age.
I undervalue farre my Crowne beneath her,
My gold, my jewels, yea although I were
Possels'd of the worlds vast treasury,
It were but drosse unto my darling deere,
My deare *Phenicia*, all my care and study
Is how to see her marryed as becomes

The Rhetorick in her flamer.

The daughter of a King, and the great dower
Dame nature and her fortune both will leave her.

Alecto This likes me not, I'll thwart it what I can,
For to advance my love and proper fortunes,
But royall Sir, have you proposed yet
A match unto the Princeesse?

King Yes, and have
Shew'd her the portraitures of divers Princes,
Of *Persia*, of *Tartaria*, of *Austria*,
Of *Egypt*, *Babylonia*, and the rest,
To make her choice, but yet she likes not any.

Alecto That's good, she likes a substance, not a shadow;
This makes for me.

What doth she then object,
An't please your royall Majesty?

King That she's
Not yet dispos'd to marriage, pleading youth
And ignorance in what doth sute a Bride.

Alecto That's nothing, she'll be soone instructed by
Her husband in that duty.

King Yet I will not
Force her affection; she desires to have
Two yeeres yet added to her age, before
She would determine marriage; but you left
The clause imperfect, when you did digresse
From what we first discours'd, and fell upon
The praises of my daughter, now no more
Of this, but enter on the first againe;
What was it nephew?

Alecto Sir, I was applauding
Your happy state and fortune, and what cause
You had to thanke the gods for benefits
You did enjoy above all other Princes,
Yet to the end you might not thinke your selfe
In earthly pleasures absolutely happy,
And so grow proud, there lyes a barre between you
And the full consummation of your blisse.

King A barre, what is't? it shall be then remov'd,

The Phenix in her Island.

And the way cleer'd
Alto There's difficulty in't
I mean the thieves and our lawes of your Country,
Who make your land unfree, and hold by force
The third part of *Arabia*, all a day,
Who rob your selfe and subjects of their goods,
Vsurping priviledges, and exacting
Tributes and dues of every passenger,
Stranger or otherwise that travel this way.
King This takes away much from my true content,
(I must confesse) and troubles me the more,
Because I know not which way to redresse it.
You know we have left no way unattempted,
To drive them thence, yet fail'd in our desire,
Because of their retrait into the mountains,
Which for our army is inaccessible.
Many complaints are present unto us,
Not onely by our subjects, but by others
Against these rebels for their goods extorted,
Who doe demand from us all restitution,
As if those thieves were under our command:
Yea, many Kings our neighbours have dispatcht
Embassadours about it to our Courts
Whose Caravans and treasures have been robd,
Passing the desarts by these mountaineers,
Demanding for their losse, full satisfaction,
Who have departed hence much discontented:
This in the end I doubt will raise a warre
Betwene us, and disturbe our settled peace.

Enter a Lord attendant.

What newes with you?

Lord Sir, there's a Gentleman
Lately return'd from travell, now arriv'd
Vnto the Court, who humbly craves to have
Access to affaires of great import

Which

The Phoenix in her flames

Which doth concern your royal Majesty, presence
King. Admit him straight, we'll hear the business.

Enter the Gentleman.

We understand you're late returned from travell,
From what parts came you now?

Gent. From Persia Sir.

King. What have you to deliver?

Gent. That the Persian King
Is marching hither with a mighty army
To fall upon your Kingdom, from the Court
I did accompany the Campe, until
I learnt the certainty of their designe,
Then in the night I left them, and with speed
Rode post to warne you, that you might provide
Against a strong invasion.

King. But where did you
Part from the Persian Army?

Gentle. In the confines
Of Babylon's nere faire *Explanades.*

King. How strong are they?

Gentle. Their Army doth amount
Vnto a hundred thousand foote, their horse
Equals that number bravely equip'd
And furnish'd for the warre.

King. Who doth command
As Generall?

Gentle. Prince Persus himselfe.

Alecto. Could you not understand upon what grounds
They built their discontent and rash proceeding?

Gent. I can in forme you nothing of the cause,
But so much of th'effect, I can assure you,
Is it too too true.

King. This makes me not a little
To wonder at the strangeness of the thing;
Who ever heard of any Prince that was
Invaded by his foe, before he knew

The Phoenix in her flames.

What his pretence was, and the cause that mov'd him in
To enter into warre, I cannot guess, I am a King.
The reason why the Persian should receive
Dislike, and therefore am incredulous
Almost of your report.

Gentle. Sir, I could wish your Majesty
(So much I doe preferre my King and Countrey
Before my life) I might be prov'd a lyar,
Although I suffer'd for it, rather then
Behold the devastation of a soile
So sweet as faire Arabia; but alas
Your royall selfe, and we your loyall subjects
I feare too soone will have experience of
The truth of my relation, and perchance
Repent too late your incredulity,
Grounded upon too much security
What should it ought advantage me to lie?

King. Urge it no more, we do beleve what you
Have told us is a truth, and will provide
Against the enemies approaching force
Sure tis some wronges hath caus'd this by the theeves,
And the mad hare brain'd Prince hath not the patience
(It seemes) for to acquainte me but by warre,
And violent eruption into Armes
It must be so, else can I not imagine
The least occasion why, well we will stand
Vpon our strongest guard to keepe our land.

Exeunt.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Rapin. *Lucinda.*

Rapin. In troth sweet Lady you are much to blame
Thus to deferre my pleasures, and delude
My longing hopes with trifling vaine delays,
I suffer most extremely.

Lucinda. I could laugh
To heare you talke thus ; are you so impatient,
You that are borne to such a course of life,
(And so low fortune) as you cannot stay
A moneth or two to waite the love and pleasure
Of a Kings daughter, for the which great Princes
Have su'd, and serv'd a yeare for.

Rapin. Are you then
Of the blood royall, well we'll mix our bloods
Together, so shall mine be royall too ;
But wherefore did you tell me that you were
But an *Egyptian* Lady ?

Lucinda. And in that
I did not lie, scarce use equivocation
For Madam is a title that's apply'd
To Queenes sometimes as unto common Ladies.

Rapin. Why did you keepe me in this ignorance
So long, and now at last reveale your selfe ?

Lucinda. To awe your boldnesse when I saw it grow
To such a height as now ; Since keepe your distance,

Rapin. High words indeed seeming to have a kind
Of reference to Majestie ; but tell me
What King begat you ?

Lucinda. Not to satisfie
Thy proud demand, but make thee know thy selfe
And the base wrong thou dost me, do I answer
Vnto thy question : understand I am
The mighty *Souldans* daughter and his heire
Sent by my Father to be married to
The Prince of *Persia*, when thy barbarous roope
And lawlesse selfe enforc'd a Rape upon me,

The Phoenix in her flames.

For which thou shalt repent, unlesse thou doe
Make speedy restitution of my selfe.
Vnsported in my honour.

Rapin. Not such haste may you have I knowe
To part, faire Princesse, in a fit of choler;
You know not yet my humour, nor I yours,
We must participate each others nature,
Before we can resolve in colder blood.

Lucinda. Vncivill groomes dost thou thinke to enjoy me?
I'le rather prostitute my body to
The lust of a deformed Incubus,
Or ugly Satire, then retaine one thought
Of thy lewd loath'd embraces.

Rapin. That's because

You're told they're active in the art of vaulting.
But you shall find me Madame so dexterious
As not inferiour to them in that kind;
Try my performance.

Lucinda. Thou lascivious man
Thou bestiall Goate, how darst thou taint chast eares
With thy infectious breath?
Further to urge thy lust, for I'm resolv'd
To runne the hazard of a thousand deaths
Rather then to yeeld unto it.

Rapin. Foolish woman
Thy rage overcomes thy wit; think'st thou this way
To worke upon me? dost thou not perceive
Thou art my prisoner, and what now thou hast
Is all my gift, thy life, thy replication;
Thy wealth and jewels? dost not see when I beg
Please to command thee to give up those things?
Thou hast not power to hold them scarce a minute
And yet art thou so inconsiderate
Dreame not, ner feed this foolish fantasie:
Within your minde to thinke your Father can
Rescue you hence, or your betroathed Lord
The Persian Prince redeeme you from my cave,
Although they came with great forces

The Phoenix in her flames.

Then *Xerxes* or *Darius*; I am safer
Here in this unfrequented wilderness,
Thus barracadoed round with hills and mountains,
Then they in all their strong fortifications,
Their Forts and Castles.

Lucind. I perceive my error,
And therefore must a little temporize
To prevent outrage.

Sir, you mov'd your lust,
But not your love, and wou'd me in a phrase
That fitter were to be apply'd unto
A common whore or strumpet, then a Lady,
Much lesse a Princeesse, this I must confesse
Enflam'd my anger, and enforc'd me to
Forget my selfe a little.

Rapin. I confesse
My errour too, and crave your pardon Lady,
See how one gentle word hath mollifi'd
My disposition, and cleane turn'd the stream
Of my full bent desire to be possid
By force of what I now resolv'd am
To crave by faire intreaty in the way
Of honest marriage.

Lucinda. Now your stile is good,
And tasteth something of civility,
Yet I desire some respite to give answer
Vnto your sute for two considerations:
First, that I may have time to make my prayers
Vnto the shrine of holy *Mahomet*,
To grant a dispensation of my vow
Made to the *Persian* Prince, to be his wife;
Next that I be not perjur'd to my selfe,
To loose my Virgin girdle, ere my age
Hath numbred twenty springs to reinvest
Our naked mother earth in robes of greene.

Rapin. Why did you make, pray, such a foolish vow
To stay a Maid so long?

Lucind. I did indeed.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Rapin. What wants now of the time?

Lucind. But a bare moneth,
That is not long you know.

Rapin. Well, I'm content,
Though my desires are apt to climb the tree
Just at this very instant, and to taste
Your dainty maiden fruit, but love is sweeter
If freely granted, then if tane by force.
Therefore I'll stay the time prefixt, and not
Beyond the same a minute, see you do not
Longer abuse my patience, if you doe,
What love cannot, force shall constraine you to:
Come, will you goe? ——— *Exit Rapin.*

Lucind. I must stay here a little.
I'll wait on you soon; heavens in what narrow straits
Wretched *Lucinda* have thy fates confin'd thee?
In what amazed labyrinth of love
Am I enclos'd, and cannot find a clue
To guide me forth, no light, no halpport?
I love my fellow prisoner, but I hate
The theefe *Rapin*, how I shall enjoy
The one, and handsomely avoyd the other.
A womans wit alas cannot contrive:
How soone I have forgot the *Persian* Prince?
How soone my selfe? my eye but glanced on
The beauty of this stranger, but his looke,
His high commanding looke, which darted forth
Majesticke sparkes, captiv'd my yeelding heart:
He is though shadowed, that farre fam'd *Amandus*,
Damascus Prince, I reade the characters
Of majesty deepe stamped in his brow:
I've vent my thoughts unto him, and this caye
Shall helpe me to his love, or to my grave.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Enter Sara her Mayd.

Sara What wilt thou counsell me to doe in the thing you wor of?

Sara I have told you my opinion already.

Lucinda But can a woman with any modesty make love to a man?

Sara Puh, why not in a case of extremity, when the woman is hot, and the man is cold in the businesse?

Lucind. But if I should commit through extreme passion such a folly, should I not be wondred at, and hated amongst women for giving an ill example to the world?

Sara Nothing lesse, but on the contrary, be assur'd you shall reape from them infinite love and thanks for laying them down such a president of boldnesse, but if you dispute *pro & con*, thus, and make such objections, you shall never obtaine your desires while you live, I will warrant you.

Lucinda But dost thou thinke there is any hope of speed in my suit, upon notice given him of my love.

Sara No question, Madame, he cannot but most willingly embrace it, and blisse his fortune for so high a favour.

Lucind. Aye me *Sara*, I feare I am not so happy, my stars foretell not so prosperous an Omen: though I have by signs and dumb shewes, by sighes and amorous glances told him my affection, yet seems he not to understand that language, but as insensible of my paine, suffers mee to languish in my torment.

Sara I would faine aske your Ladiship one question, if I might be so bold, and thereby not incurre your displeasure.

Lucind. Speake thy minde freely, thou shalt give me no offence at all.

Sara Taking your word for my warrant then, I desire to know if you be in earnest or in jest, for I cannot beleeeve you should so soone forget the great Prince of *Persia*, and doat so extremely on this stranger, whose ranke and quality you know not, but by conjecture.

Lucind. Such is the commanding power of love thou

The Phoenix in her flames.

seest, which is able to doe more impossible matters then these; I meane sincerely;
Neither have I reason to repent the chance.

Sara No, suppose he be that poore exiled Prince of *Damascus*, is he to be compared, or in your good opinion to be preferred before the puissant *Persian*, one of the greatest Monarchs of the world?

Lucind. How foolishly thou talkest, dost thou not know that comparisons are odious, especially in love matters? counsell me better what to doe, or keep thy thoughts in thine owne belome.

Sara Madame, my help and furtherance shall not be wanting in any thing wherein I can doe you service: let your wit contrive the way according to your desire, and let me alone to put it in execution.

Lucind. Then what if I sent thee to him with a letter stuff'd full of affection, would not that be a pretty way to cover my blushes, and yet discover my love? sure it would, what thinkest thou *Sara*?

Sara I cannot but approve your plot exceedingly Madame, for if there be then any fault escaped, or any small breach of maiden modesty made, it shall be imputed to the inke and paper, which is of too pale a colour to blush.

Lucind. It shall be so then, get me pen, inke, and paper presently, but tofr. he comes to save me that labour, I am arm'd with boldnesse for the encounter, assist me, *Cupid*, beseech thee.

Amandus, Consolario, Colonel, Gentleman.

Amand. Faire Princeesse, here behold before your eyes,

Those whom your courtesie hath made your slaves:

I meane my friends and me, whose thanks, yea lives

We come to tender to you, but alas,

The debt we owe is greater, and the summe

Not to be answer'd so, yet we beseech you

Take this in part of payment, which we offer

With zealous hearts, and no lesse strong devotion,

And

The Phoenix in her flames.

And though we cannot cancell your great bill,
Impute that to our want, not to our will.

Lucinda. Most courteous Sir, if through my means you have
Enjoy'd the benefit of any thing,
I thanke my fates that made me an instrument
Of doing so much good: you shall oblige me
To tell me, since I cannot tell my selfe
What thing *Lucinda* did, that could produce
So strong an obligation.

Amand. You impose
Too great a taske upon me, for weake words
Cannot expresse it full; Madame, we owe you
First for our lives, then for our liberties,
For curing of our wounds with your faire hand,
And many other favours great besides,
All which we treasure up here in our hearts,
As in a trusty Cabinet.

Lucinda. Sure the man
Seemes of so gentle nature, that he would not
Be so unkinde, as to repell the suit
Of a poore love-sicke Lady.
Will you grant me
One boone in lieu thereof, and you shall make me
A ten-fold satisfaction.

Amand. For your good
We will expose our lives unto all hazards,
For we account them yours, and not our owne;
Since by your meanes we live, and doe enjoy them:
What's your command?

Lucinda. Sir, since you doe acknowledge
You owe to me your life and liberty,
Your cure, and other courtesies besides,
I am endanger'd now as you were then;
'Tis now my turne, and I am like to suffer
In all these things, unlesse your gentle nature
And pittie doe relieve me.

Amand. How sweet Lady
I doe beseech you come, it doth the cheefe

The Phoenix in her flames.

Rapin dare to offer violence
Vnto your chastity, or threat your death
Vnlesse you yeeld unto him? I will soone
(So much I'm oblig'd unto your goodnesse)
Finde out a way to send that fiend to hell,
Although I suffer for it twenty deaths,
If this procure your feare.

Lucinda This is the least,
(Although I know not well how to avoid him)
Of what I suffer.

Amand. Let me know it then:
Your life and liberty endangered?
In need too of a cure, and not that way?
Strange mystery, unfold it? beseech you,
That if it lye in my poore power, I may
Make knowne how much I love and honour you.

Lucinda Sir, 'tis a secret, and requires to be
Spoken to you in private all alone.
Should I not be unmannerly to crave
Your friends retirement for a little space?

Consol. Madame, there needs no ceremony in
Your Ladiships commands to us your vassals.

Lucind. Now you can help me by an easie way
Without your hurt, for know I am your Patient,
But am asham'd to lay to you ope my wounds:
Imagine in what nature 'tis by these
My teares, my blushes, my abrupted sighes,
My broken speeches, my dejected eyes,
My strange unwonted passions: more, I am
Your prisoner too by the commanding power
Of all subduing love, now 'tis in you
To cure me, 'tis in you to give me life
And liberty at once: O be not cruell
Faile Prince, but help a poor distressed Lady,
Who craves but love, and in that suit your best
Construction: take it not in the worst sence,
Nor thinke me ought immodest, though I have
Open'd my sore which was procured by

The Phoenix in her flames.

Your most majesticke carriage.

Amand. Heavens defend

So great a Princess, and so beautifull,
Of such imperiall fortunes, should descend
So low in thought, to looke on such a wretch
As I am, being the map of milery,
Griefes Embleme, yea the tennis ball of fortune,
Toss'd by her angry Racket evermore
Beneath the line, into a thousand hazards
For her desport. I love you better Lady
Then so, to worke your downefall, and should ill
Requite your favours that way: you that may
For beauty, birth, or fortune, match with any
The greatest Prince of the terrestriall orbe.
'Twere sinne in me not to be pardoned,
To wrong you with my love in way of marriage,
Who can assure you nothing for a dower
But sorrow and affliction,

Lucind. Sure you cannot,
Although you would, conceale your selfe from me,
Whose love discerning eyes have found you out
To be admir'd *Amandus*, and survey'd
Each lineament a part, with such regard
As Painters use in limning of a piece,
You'r drawne within my heart, from head to foot.

Amand. I grant it Madam, that I was that Prince
You pleas'd to name, but now have nothing left me
But the bare title, but that ayery name,
Poore eccho of *Damascus*, would I might
Loose that and life, the shadow with the substance,
Then I were happy, but my fates alas
I feare reserve me for more misery,
If possible, then I have tasted yet
Therefore let all avoid me as the plague,
Lest they should be infected with my griefe.

Lucind. Doe not suppose your pleading poverty,
Or ought you can alledge, to wrong your selfe,
Hath power to turne the streame of my affection

The Phanix in her flames.

Another way then now it holds its course,
Or to repell my argument of love:
No, no, the plea is stronger, though you were
Poorer then *Julie* (I invoke as witness
Of this my vow the power that made me yours)
Yet would I rather be conjoyn'd to you
In nuptial bands, then be the wedded wife
Of any other Prince, although he were
Richer then *Cresus*, and heaven knowes I could
Content me better in this prison here,
(So you could love me, and I might enjoy you)
Then in the *Persian* Palace, if I lye,
Let *Cupid* shoot you with a leasend dart,
And with disdain kill poore *Lucinda's* heart.

Amandus O dearest Princeesse, take deliberation,
And enter into thought of what you are,
Of what I am, and what the *Persian* is,
Then you will loone call home these wandring thoughts,
And place them where they shall be worth your love:
In me alas they cannot, for although
I had not lost my Country, though my kingdome
Had still beene mine, and though I now enjoy'd
My former regall dignities and state,
Yet should I count my selfe too meane by farre,
To match with you the mighty Souldans heire,
And onely daughter, now I scarce deserve
To wait on you in nature of your servant.

Lucinda This shall not serve your turne, these vain excuses
And wrongfull reasons urg'd against your selfe,
Shall not prevaile at all: the more you strive
To stop the current of my swelling passions,
The more they rage within this breast of mine,
And in the end will overflow and breake
My heart if you prove cruell, and put off
My hopes with such weake shifts and poor delays.
Come, grant me love, and seale it with a kisse
As an assurance.

Enter

The Phenix in her flames.

Enter Rapinus listening before at the door.

Rapinus. What is this I heare
Spake by *Lucinda* to this captive slave,
Come grant me love, and seal with a kisse
As an assurance? well I'll be reveng'd
By all the *Pagan* gods; ignoble strumpet
How dar'st thou wrong me thus, and in my Cave
To court my prisoner? was't for this thou did'st
Deny my suite, and still from time to time
Delude me with delay, that thou might'st act
Thy shame, and make me pander to thy lust?
Base Whore was this thy drift? for this abuse
I'll presently enjoy thee, if thou yeeld
Without constraint, I'll keepe thee to my selfe,
But if thou strive, or make the least resistance
To crosse my will, when I have satisfi'd
My lust at full, I'll put thee o're to be
Us'd and abus'd by every common souldier;
Come huswife I must teach you true obedience.

Offers to ravish her.

Lucinda. Helpe, helpe.

Amand. Base villaine offer her no wrong,
But turne thee upon me, although unarm'd
I dare thy utmost power.

Rapin. Then thou shalt feelee
The fury of my rage, have at thee slave.

*Drawes his sword and assaults him, Amand. defends
himselfe with a stoole, and at last closing with him,
hath him at his mercy.*

Amand. Now I will dye thy sword in thy own bloud,
Which thou didst think to make deepe drunke in mine.

Rapin. O stay thy hand for faire *Lucinda's* sake.

Ama. That hastes thy death, & puts me in remembrance
Thou wouldst have ravish'd her.

Lucinda. Sir let him dy,

The Phanix in her flames.

And free us all from this captivity,
Never a better time then now to doe it.

Amand. Then it is done, take that, and breath thy last.

Lucinda. Heroicke Prince now shew thy pittie on me,
And as thou hast releas'd me from this theefe,
And from the violence of loathed lust,
So free me from the violence of love
By taking me unto thy wedded wife:
I will refuse no danger, nay no death
To beare thee company, live here or travell
Throughout the world, I'le Lacquey it a foot
With sweet *Amandus*; can you be so hard
And cruell to me? sure when Ladies wooe
Hard are the shifts love doth constrain them too.

Amand. No more of this sweet Lady till we have
Order'd the businesse that now falls upon us:
The theeves we need not feare, for I have them
Firmely at my devotion through distaste
And discontent they did receive against
Rapinus in his life, they will not stirre
(I know) one foot in his revenge, but rather
Render me thanks for acting of his death;
Come let us goe, to better our poore state
We must confirme these men yet in their hate.

Enter the three thieves.

1. But my masters shall wee be still ridden thus, and undergoe the burthen patiently, without seeking remedy or revenge?

2. No we'll suffer it no longer, if we do wee shall deserve
Mydas cares y'faith.

3. And *Asteons* hornes too for our future fortune.

1. Then wee are all resolv'd to doe our best to dispatch him, are we not?

2. All the shame of the world befall him.

The Phoenix in her flames

13 And al the bastinadoes that do grow in the deserts light upon him; lets devise a way now to worke our revenge, will you study the plot?

1 Since you referre it to me, I will not be long about it, lets release the stranger; give him armes, make him our Captaine, and cut *Rapinus* throat; how like you this?

2 Excellent well, it cannot chuse but advantage us greatly, for the stranger is wonderfull valiant, you know wee had costly experience of it, and he seemes of a generours disposition besides, that would not forget such a courtesie.

3 This wil I beleeve, so oblige his gentle nature as whatsoever boote we take, he will not trouble himselfe with it, but divide it freely among us; will not this be excellent my hearts?

1 But who lies here all this while weltring in his owne bloud and we not see him? our Captaine *Rapinus*, tis hee, come here and congratulate his death,

2 Blessed accident!

3 This befell according to our wishes, and hath sav'd us the labour to put our designe in execution.

1 Ha Captaine do you lie there y^e faith, remember how often you gave me the bastinado, I could now be reveng'd upon your dead carkasse, but I will now only latisfie my selfe with laughing over thy body, ha, ha, ha.

2 To whom are we bound for this courtesie, I marvell, I cannot imagine to whose courage to impute it unlesse to the strangers.

2 Tis he, it can be no other, he shall be our new Captaine for the deed, do you consent to it?

1 By all meanes we approve it, he shall have his act presently.

2 Come let us find him out, and know how the businessse pass'd betweene *Rapinus* and him.

1 Agreed, and offer him our service and recive his commands.

How apt a Souldiers mind is still to range,
And doth desire his officers to change,

The Phoenix in her flames.

2 But stay let us not leave *Rapin*'s body lie here unbury-
ed, lend me your hand for charities sake.

3 That's well remembered — *excellent with the body*
Finis Actus tertij.

Actus Quartus.

The King, Alesto.

King. **V**E heare ill newes, *Alesto, Persens*
Hath pass'd his Armie over *Euphrates*
And marches through our Country, all the spoile
That can be us'd in warre his Souldiers practise,
All the hostility that can be thought off,
As burning houses, robbing Villages,
Committing Sacriledge, deflowring Maids,
Ravishing Women, murdering the Men,
And diverse other outrages besides:
Come let us march, I make you Generall
Of one part of my Army, t'other part
I will command my selfe, our subjects cries
Are come already home unto our Court;
Beat Drummes, sound Trumpeters.

Enter a Lord attendant.

Lord. Royall Sir there is
A Herald now arriv'd unto the Court
Sent from the Generall of the *Persian* armie,
Who craves he may deliver what in charge
Was given him by the Prince.
King. He shall be heard,
Admit him to the presence.

Enter

The Phoenix in her flames.

Enter Herault.

Speake your businesse.

Herault Then this it is my soveraigne Lord and Prince,
Demands surrender of the faire *Lucinda*,
Th' Egyptian Princeesse his betrothed love,
Vpon whose person in your Kingdome here,
There was a rape committed; if she be not
Return'd unsported in her reputation,
And all her goods, her gold and pretious jewels
Restor'd, and a full satisfaction made
Vnto the utmost doit, he vowes by heaven
To lay *Arabia* wast, untill it be
Reduc'd unto a wilderness, and made
A habitation for the forlorne Owle,
The Bat, and other birds of dismall night,
That shun and hate th' appearance of the light.

King Tell *Perseus* we doe not doubt his power,
But dare his utmost malice, and because
We would not have him live in ignorance,
Give him to understand that we know nothing
Of what befell the Princeesse, and this is
The first time that we heard it; for the wrong
He doth us in invading of our land,
Without just cause, he shall be answerable:
So much informe thy master. *Exit Herault.*

Herault 'Tis my duty.

King This is strange newes, *Allecto* is it not?
The Souldans daughter rap'd, and we not know it
Till now, and yet done in our kingdome too?
How should it be? let us consider of it;
I now have found it, and 'tis probable.
How thinke you? may it not be by the theeves
That live among the desarts? so it is
Vpon my life, for that way she must passe
To travell into *Persia*, and we know
Their strength too well: these villaines in this warre

Will

The Phoenix in her flames.

Will more annoy us then the *Persian* army :
Heaven looke upon us, for we stand in danger,
Between a forraigne and domesticke foe :
We saile between the rockes, the shelves, the shores
Of *Scylla* and *Charibdis*, yet we may
Escape those dangers, if th' immortall Gods
Commit the ballance to *Astrea's* hands,
To weigh our causes; let our fortune be
According to our right, and we agree. *Exeunt.*

Amandus, two of the thieves.

Amand. Now fellow souldiers, since you have committed
This place of Captaine to me, and submitted
Your selues to my command, I must reduce you
Into another way, another forme,
Another course of life more honourable,
And make you worthy of that glorious title
And attribute of souldier, which as yet
You but usurpe and wrongfully apply
Vnto your selues: I doe assure you this,
You shall not have occasion to complaine,
Or to repent the change.

1 Sir, you shall mould us
Into what forme or fashion you please.

2 Our mindes shall be as soft and tractable
To your commands, as Virgin waxe unto
Th' impression of the seale.

Amand. Then I will give you documents of warre,
And rudiments of martial discipline.
But first you must shake off unworthy thoughts,
And sticke to vertuous actions, ere you can
Rightly attaine this knowledge, you must not
Seeke by unlawfull meanes to gather wealth,
Or to extort by violence and wrong,
What doth not rightly appertaine to you.
You must not rob poore passengers, nor take
Them prisoners on their way, you must forget

The Phoenix in her flames

Your out-rages, your murders, rapes, and thefts,
And put on other habits which may suit
This our profession.

1 But then how shall we
Subsist and live?

Amand. I'll tell you how you shall
More rich then ever, and yet honestly
And honourably too.

Enter Col. and Gentlemen.

What newes my friends?

Colon. Strange unexpected newes we have receiv'd,
The *Persian* army is at hand, and ready
To enter in the desarts, and are marching
In hostile manner to th' *Arabian* Court,
Burning and spoyling all the land before them.

Amand. But can you understand what mov'd the *Persian*
To enter into warre against the King,
And to invade his Country?

Gentle. 'Tis because
He was inform'd, though falsely, that the rape
On faire *Lucinda* was committed by
The Kings command, and she detain'd at Court.

Amand. How came you Sirs by this intelligence?

Gent. We had it from a prisoner, which our men
Tooke of the *Persians*, who it seemes, is one
Of the fore-riders of the camp.

Amand. Here's worke,
And brave employment for you, here you can
Get wealth and honour too, and doe your King
And Country service: here's boot enough,
Winne it and weare it; now courage my hearts.

Enter the third theefe.

3 Sir, from the top of yonder lofty mountaine,
The sentinell discovers dust to rise

The Phoenix in her flames

From up the champaign country, and doth heare
Drums beating of a march, and trumpets sounding,
Which makes us doubt an army.

Amand. Let them come,
Wee'l stand upon our guard for to receive them;
Yet wee'l doe things discretely too, and not
Give battell rashly, for the *Persian* army
Is rich and mighty, not for us to deale with
But upon great advantages: attend
My words, we'll lye close in our ambuscadoes
Vntill we heare the vanguard of their army,
And battell is march'd by, then on the reare
We will fall on, and fiercely give the charge
Vpon the narrow passage, so before
The vanguard and the battell can assist,
We shall cut of their baggage, and retire
With all our wealth into the Caves and Mountaines
Safe from the strongest forces of the world;
I'll bring you on and off with honour Sirs.

All 3 Goe one brave Captaine with successe, and we
In all thy bould attempts will second thee. *Exeunt*

*After a flourishing charge, enter againe with
much wealth.*

Amand. Now fellow souldiers is not this more honorable,
And profitable too? to beate an army,
Then to oppresse poore pilgrimes, and the like,
Who travell for devotions sake unto
The tombe of famed *Mahomet* at *Macha*?
Sure you must needs confesse it.

1 We extoll
And magnifie this change of discipline.
2 and will conforme our selves to any thing
You shall command us.

3 Yea so much we love,
And honour your brave spirit and resolution,
As these your fathfull friends shall not more close

The Phoenix in her flames.

Stick to your side in fortunes doubtfull chance
Then we, whom you have honour'd with the name
Of your poore souldiers.

Amand. My kinde thanks to all :
Now for this wealth which we have purchased
With glory to our selves, I will distribute
And equally divide it 'mongst you all :
As for my part, I will not take one denier,
But freely give it you in recompence
Of your good service.

All 3 Wee'l not yeeld to this,
All shall be yours, our lives too at your service,
And we beseech you take it.

They offer him the wealth, he refuseth it.

Amand. 'Tis a need
Due to your valours, therefore I command you
Enjoy it freely: now I must acquaint you
Further with my intentions, which shall be
To raise your fortunes, and procure your good.
In brieft, I doe resolve forthwith to send
A messenger unto th' *Arabian King*,
Your native Lord, to offer in his ayd
All our assistance 'gainst the *Persian Prince*,
And to come over to him with proviso,
That he shall pardon, and no more remember
The trespasses you did commit against him :
Which he will willingly embrace, I know,
And more besides, bestow preferments on you,
Endeer'd the more unto us by affection
For this our service, which serves as a prologue
To usher in our welcome: condescend you
To this I doe propole :

1 With willing hearts.

2 And count it a religious piece of service
To helpe our King and Country.

Amand. I am glad

The Phoenix in her flames.

You are so alter'd in your inclination
And rudenesse of your nature: but where is now
The faire *Lucinda*, and old *Consolario*.

Enter Lucinda and Consolario.

Faire Lady, welcome, you have made this place
Poore by your absence: but I will not take one part
As for my part, I will not take one part

Lucind. But you have enriched it
With your faire presence Sir.

Amand. I'm sorry Lady
That we must part so soon: the Prince of Persia
Is come to fetch you with a mighty army
Who claims you as his wife, therefore in justice
And conscience too, we cannot hold you from him:

You shall have all that is your owne, and more,
Wee'l wait upon you as becomes the state
Of such a mighty Princess, with a guard
To safe conduct you to the Persian campe.
How is your minde dispos'd?

Lucind. Unkinde *Amandus*,
More cruell farre then proud *Narcissus* was
Vnto the constant Nymph that lov'd him so,
More salvage hearted then the boy *Adonis*,
That scorn'd the love of *Venus*, these were never
Halfe so belov'd as you, yet will you leave me
To dye in your disdain, and put me over
To him I cannot love: unkinde *Amandus*.

Amand. Sweet Lady, thinke I doe preferre your good
Before mine owne, misconstrue not my words,
For I doe speake this for your great advantage,
If you conceive me rightly, but we will not
Force you to any thing against your will:
I'm sorry that you will participate
Our evill fortunes, and refuse to live
The Persian Empresse, 'twas for this I did
Periwade you unto what I did.

Lucind. O let me

The Phanix in her flames.

Goe with you Sir, and if you cannot love me
In nature of your wife, yet I beseech you
Respect me as your handmaid, who's still ready
To waite on your commands.

Amand. You do confound me
And make me blush to heare so great a Princeesse
To speak to me in such an humble key,
Who do confesse my selfe your lowly vassalle;
And since you're bent so much to wrong your selfe
And to forget your state, my life shall stand
'Tweene you and danger; Madam you have heard
Our resolution to assist and helpe
Th' *Arabian* King against the Prince of *Persia*;
Will you goe over with us?

Lucinda. Where you goe
There doe I bend my journey.

Amand. Consolario
I must dispatch you to the *Arabian* King
About this businesse, wherein I'll instruct you
Particularly more before you goe.

Consol. My faith and care shall not be wanting in
The trust you shall commit unto my Charge;
How I may doe you service is my study.

Amand. So then al's done but this, to crave you hand
And lead you whereloe'r you shall command. *exunt.*

Enter the Persian and the Embassador of Egypt.

Persus. So let this most inhospitable Land
Suffer our wrath, so let the whippe of warre
Inflicted on this countrey by our hand
Lash them lewerely that have violated
The lawes of Nations, and therein committed
What even the bale *Barbarians* hate to thinke off;
Now let the speedy messenger of death
The king of weapons, call'd the sword unsheath him
And drinke his fill in blood, let every souldier
Freely enjoy his pleasure, make his pillage

The Phanix in her flames.

And do the greatest outrage that he can;
We will no longer now suppress our fury
But let it burne unto full height, the cries
Of ravish'd Maids and Virgins shall no more
Enter our eares, the humble supplications
Of undone Orphants shall not move my pittie,
So much I am incens'd against the King.

Embassad. I would divert you from this cruelty
Great Prince if you would heare me, and alleage
Some reasons too to fortifie my speech,
First, tis a beauteous country, and the world
I thinke not parralels it, next you do
Intend it for a conquest, will you spoile
So sweet a habitation, and lay waste
A seate will make you proud to be enthorn'd in?
If this be not sufficient to induce you
To spare the rodde of vengeance, let respect
Vnto your Princely fame with-hold your hand;
What sordid blot, what foule asperision can
More taint the candid honour of a Prince
Then tyranny upon poore seely wretches:
You know as much my Lord, and histories
Show many foule examples of such tyrants
Whose names live in reproach to these our times:
But Sir have you receiv'd the newes? my mind
Was bigge to bring it forth, before your speech
Hindered the birth.

Perseus. Newes I heare none but that
The fearefull King dares not fight a battle,
We must enforce him to it, or pursue him
As greedy grey-hounds do the heartlesse Hares,
Till we have tane his Crowne and Life away;
Now what is that you heare?

Embassa. Quite contrary
To what you last diliver'd or they say
He is prepar'd to fight, and with his army
Meanes speedily to leeke you, all the theevee
That in your passage through the desert did

The Phoenix in her flames.

So damnifie your army, have submitted
Vnto their King, and serve him in this war;
His force is much augmented, and you're like
To to have a speedy triall of your fortune.

Perseus. And after that a speedy strong possession
Of all this Kingdome, I am confident
That with our breathes we shall destroy them all
Powr'd forth in anger, our great multitudes
Will scater them as Wolves a flock of Sheepe,
Suppose his army doth amount unto
Some fifty thousand men, which is the most
His strength can raile, our army doth exceed it
By halfe the number put away our horse,
Whose gallantry is spoaken of by all
The Nations of the World, and held to be
The best for service in the uniuersle:
Can he resist our Force? or the *Arabian*
Stand up against the *Persian* in a battle?
Speake your opinion.

Embassa. Sir you know the chance
Of warre is doubtfull, and plum'd victory
Doth oftentimes deceive great expectations,
Besides dame fortune is a fickle Lady
We know not how to trust her, but if things
Be iustly carryed with an equall hand,
If iugling be not us'd amongst the fates,
Tis evident your army must o'recome,
But judge we cannot till we see th'event.

Perseus. We doubt not nor despaire of the successe
But from this talke, I have beene oftentimes
Resolv'd to aske you, but till now forgate
What might be gather'd hence that faire *Lucinda*
Your Princeesse, in this time of her restraint
Sollicites nothing for her liberty
Nor writes a word unto us of her state,
We heare she lives at the *Arabian* Court.

Embassa. I heare so too, and worthily entreated
According to her bith and high degree.

Perseus

The Phanix in her flames.

Perseus. This makes me to admire, nay to suspect
The streame of her affection is diverted
Another way, and holds no constant course,
It must be so, else being so entertain'd
And high respected in all points of honour
Would any man conjecture, that the King
Would hold her 'gainst her will, if she desir'd
To come unto us, now she hath forgate us,
And may be too, her honor and good name,
Then we are grosse abus'd, fool'd with a match
And must be full reveng'd; I have no patience,
My Lord Embassadour doth your opinion,
Goe hand in hand with mine?

Embassa. Then I should be
A traytor to my King; dare I presume
To thinke the Princeesse should destaine her honour?
Farre be it from my thoughts, Sir I must tell you
You are too rash in passing such a censure,
And your too unadvised tongue exceeded
The decent bounds prescrib'd him not to touch
A Princeesse reputation.

Perseus. Thou durst as well
Have eaten fire, as utter'd these bold words,
If twere not for the lawes that are observ'd
Betweene all Nations, that Embassadours
Be well intreated, this great priviledge
Hath brought forth this presumption; know your selfe
And how farre you may goe, else I shall be
Though loath, a breaker of the antient custome.

Embassa. Sir, I'm commanded not to be in place
Where I shall heare my King, or any branch
Sprung from that royall stock traduc'd in fame,
But to make answer roughly, not to stand
A silent auditour, or a dumbe statue,
Without or sence or motion.

Perseus. I commend thee
Old man, and love thee for it, we will be
Soone reconcil'd, and will lay the fault

The Phoenix in her flames

Of our contention to the heate of youth
And choler of old age: now our affaires
Call us to fight a battell, all my thoughts
Must be imploy'd in this, whereby I shall
With glory rise, if not with honour fall.

The King, Lucinda, Phoenix

King. Now whilst the trumpets sound, drums beat alarm,
The cannons roare, the armyes joy and charge,
(Which sometimes were the musicke we delighted in)
Must old *Arabia* lay his armes aside,
And sit at home with Ladies by command
Of natures law although his life and crowne
Lye at the doubtfull hazard of the day:
Heaven bleesse our armes, we that cannot fight
Will send our prayers up to God for aide,
And wake there sleeping Justice with our cries:
Great Princess you are led to see us to
And of your filken disposition I thinke
To have a fellow feeling of our sorrow,
Cheere up, we doe beseech you, and deere daughter
Be joyfull too, we shall have good success
My better Genius tells me.

Lucinda. Who commands
Great King your armye 'gainst the enemies?

King. The valiant Prince *Amindus*, whom at length
We did perswade to take that charge upon him.

Lucind. Then be assur'd the victory is yours,
For all thinges prosper under his conduct.

Phoenix. Madam you doe revive our dying spirits
With wordes of comfort, happy time that made us
Enjoy your conversation, blest occasion
That brought the noble Prince unto our ayde
Whom heavens defend from danger and retorne
Home safe a conqueror crownd with victory.

Enter a third Lord.

Enter

The Phoenix in her flames.

Enter a Lord with newes.

King. Here comes a Lord with newes, what tidings bring
To whether side doth victory encline,
And bend her flight?

Lord. 'Tis doubtfull yet my Lord
Where she will light, she hovers in the aire
Uncertaine where to rest her, sometimes ready
To light upon the prince his white pavilion,
Sometimes upon the *Perseus*, had we not
Fought at such disadvantage as we doe
The glory of the day had not so long
Betweene us beene disputed: never was
An army better order'd for a battell,
Then ours is by the Prince, who in his person
Doth wonders in the field, breakes through their troop,
And strong battalions, when oppos'd do much
Wifely retraits with honour: hard's the fight
That is between them, and the issue stands
Yet in suspence.

King. We must attend more newes,
Another Lord intelligence comes. *Enter another Lord.*
How speeds the battell?

Lord. Sir, it was endanger'd
On our side when I left it for the mighty
And strong brigadoes of the enemy:
Brake the battalions of the Duke *Alonso*,
And charg'd quite through the body of that squadron
Where he himselfe commanded, if he be
Alive or dead, escap'd or taken prisoner,
I have no certaine knowledge.

King. Then our army
Is halfe defeated, for *Alonso* doth
Command as great a part as Prince *Alonso*
But let me not despaire, untill we heare
The utmost tryall.

Lord. Long live mighty King.

Enter a third Lord.

The Phoenix in her flames

I bring you joyfull newes of victory,
The Prince hath wonne the field, redeem'd the Duke
Out of the hands of death, and when the battell
In all mens judgement was supposed lost,
He by his valour, and his wisdom both,
By none but by the mourneres assisted,
Recover'd it againe, and took the prey
Out of the *Persians* jaws, routed their troops,
Broke their battalions, and reduc'd their order
Into confusion, fighting hand to hand,
He brought the *Persian* Prince unto his overthrow,
And took him prisoner, then the *Persians* fled,
And we pursu'd them; great the slaughter is,
And infinite the riches that is taken
In costly plate and jewels, gold and silver,
Was never a more braver overthrow.
Each common souldier now is like a Captaine,
With scarlet hose, buffe coat, and tossing feather,
There's no distinction in their habitts scene,
King Thanks to the gods for this our victory,
Next, to their instrument *Darius* Prince,
Three times a day wee'l make your sacred altars
With sweet perfumes, and come with adoration
To offer to your shrines, three times a night,
The Priest shall sprinkle o're with blood of beasts
Your sacred places, and with zeale performe
The ceremonie of your sacrifices.

Enter the first Lord againe.

Lord The Prince *Amandus*, and the Duke *Alfred*
Are come in triumph with their prisoners,
And wait your royall pleasure.
King Pray them from us
They would be pleas'd to enter.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Enter Amand, leading Perseus prisoner, Allecto hurt, the Colonel, the Ambassador of Egypt, the Gent.

Amand. Vnto your Majesty I am here present
The Prince of Persia prisoner, what the chance
Of warre hath made me master of, I freely
Give unto your possession, all the wealth
Is gotten in this Persia overthrowing
And I am glad my torments did present
Occasion to me, whereby I have shewn
Vnto your Majesty my love and service.

King Victorious Prince, sent to us from the gods,
(Whom we may terme the phoenix of our Country)
Thy same reward thee fully, for we would
Let the shrill trumpet of thy vertue blaze thee
Throughour the world, let monuments be rais'd,
And trophies built to praise thy living praise.
Let every piece and picture made of thee,
Be gaz'd upon by men admiring eyes,
And this thy conquest crown'd with Laurel boughs,
Prince *Perseus* welcome; we receive you now
I know a most unwilling guest, you shall not
Be entertain'd beneath your royal state,
Although our prisoners by the sacred places
Please you salute these Ladies, one of them
I doubt not but you know.

Perseus. The faire *Luchina*, *Lucinda* *salutes her*
But who's the other that I see? *Allecto*
As diamonds glasse. *And way you view her*
That lovely touch hath fill'd
My veynes with a new fire, and quite purged
The former flame within me. *also aside.*

Embas. Madame, I crave the honour for to kisse
Your Highnesse Princely hands.

Lucind. My fathers servant
And trusty subject, sent in his affaires

The Phoenix in her flames.

To forraigne Princes, I am glad to see you,
We shall have private time to talke at large
Of our affaires.

King My royall guests I feare
We keepe you from your rests, whose wearied bodies
Would faine enjoy the benefit of sleep,
Toil'd with the sweating labour of the day:
Please you to walke, wee'l shew you to your lodgings.

Exit King, then Persons leading Lucinda, Amand, Phenicia

Phenicia You grace me Sir.

Amand. Madame, I understand
No honour like to this, to kisse your hand. *Exeunt.*

Amandus at one doore, Phenicia at another, they meet.

Amand. Most faire and beauteous Princeesse,
My thoughts did tell me as I lay abed,
There was a wonder to be seene this morne,
A Sunne whose glorious beames eclips'd *Apollon*.
As much as he doth *Cynthia*, like the starres,
I finde they were no lyars, for behold
I see it verifi'd, my gazing eyes
Are come to bleffe, and to adore your rile.

Phenicia. Faire Prince, it was some false suggesting dream,
Abus'd your sleep, and wrong'd your expectation.
You finde not what was promis'd, though your wit
Would faine excuse the leaving of your bed
So soone for nothing, doe you use to stirre
So early in a morning?

Amand. Seldome Madame.
But if such Nymphs attend *Auroras* traine,
I'll hate to be a sluggard, and more often
Frequent this place, the garden of delight.

Phenic. You are not like another time to see me
For early rising.

Amand. Nay, faire Princeesse leave not
This good and wholesome exercise, the graces
Will dye for sorrow when the mounting Lark
Will not reade off his matins, nor the Thrush
Warble forth ditties with delightfull throat:

The Phoenix in her flames.

Faire *Philomela* shall no more be heard
To chant and charme the hearers of her songs;
And all the other winged choristers
Will hang the head, and weep in silent teares,
If faire *Phenicia* grant no audience:
Harke how they doe salute you, every one
Striving to passe, and to excell the other
In sweet harmonious notes to please your eares:
O what a confort's this! if you but marke it,
There is a certaine mutuall emulation
Amongst these pretty birds, whose musick's sweetest,
Hath attracted most your kinde attention,
Proud to be overheard by beauties Queen.

Phen. Sir, you have learn'd a pretty art indeed,
To understand the languages of birds,
And tell their meanings: I have read of some
Could well interpret that way, but beleeve not
You use it row in a poetick fence,
And so I take it, I should make another
Construction of their singing that they chide me,
And say I am not modest to adventure
Alone without my Maids into the garden.
The wronged *Philomela* most of all
Urgeth her griefe, and bids me take example
Of her too much credulity of man:
I was to blame to come so weakly guarded,
I must confesse, nor would I change a word
With any other man besides your selfe
Alone in such an houre, so much I trust
Your vertue noble Prince, and worthy thoughts.

Amandus My humblest thanks for this high priviledge
Bright goddess that you daign me, let my lips
Pay dutious tribute to your lilly hands
I doe beseech you

Kisses her hand.

Phen. Sir I now leave you,
For feare I should be miss'd, and so fall under
The censure of black tongues, which take delight
To spot the reputation of a maide;

The Phoenix in her flames?

I should be loath to give the world occasion
Even of the least suspicion, yet I must
Dispence with my returne a little longer
To doe one freindly office in behalfe
Of a distressed Princess, you may guesse
The scope of my intent in these few words.

Amand. Who doe you meane, the faire *Lucinda* Madam?
Whole angry stars made so unfortunate,
As to bestow her love on me unworthy,
Whose state is such, as that I cannot make
Reciprocall returns of her affection.

Phanis. I must impute that to your cruell nature,
(Pardon me Sir) and to no other cause,
Else what should make the Princess so contempt'd?
Is beauty wanting? no, the envious & wretch
That breathes this ayre, must be inform'd to say,
Her portion's large that way, the curious eye
Can see no blemish in her beauteous face,
Is youth decay'd then? no, 'twere sinne to thinke it,
For flowers and Roses spring up in her cheeks,
Halfe white, halfe red, most purely intermixt.
Is vertue banish'd? O me thinke my tongue
Profaned is for asking such a question
So much improbable! will you assege
She is not great enough in birth or fortune?
That will not stand in law, for 'twill be prov'd
She is the greatest Princess of the world,
If beauty, youth, vertue, and high descent
Accompany her greatness: what is more
To be required in a princely Bride?

Amand. I grant it Madam, that she comes not short
Of what you speake her, but abounds in all
Perfections of the body and the minde,
But yet this cannot binde me to become
Disloyall to the Saint, whose temple was
Long since erected in this heart of mine,
Before I saw *Lucinda*, I'll adore
No other goddesse in my thoughts but she,

The Phoenix in her flames.

To whom I sacrifice my heart and soule;
I know your vertue's such, as not to urge
(My reasons thus reveal'd) a thing unlawfull:
O no, you hate to further such a suit,
Faيرة Princessse, so unjust.

Phenic. Would I were she
He loves with such devotion, but alas
I doe despaire my fortune.
I have done.

Farre be it from my thoughts to make a breach
Of love and loyalty between two hearts,
United in themselves; but since I have
Made this discovery, I beseech to know,
(Pardon a womans curiosity)
The Mistrisse of your thoughts, I must not be
The second time deny'd.

Amand. You doe impose
Such a command upon me, as I know not
If I shall more offend to disobey
Your will in saying nothing, or in uttering
What you will have me speak; if it displease you
The fault is yours, not mine, for I had beene
Content to smother up my woes in silence;
Know then, sweet Princessse, that I lov'd as soone
As fourteene yeeres crept on upon my age,
A beauteous picture, such as rare *Apelles*
Durst ne're presume for feare, to imitate,
Lest he should come farre short, and shame himselfe
I serv'd this shadow with a zealous heart
Sixe yeeres, but yet the heavenly substance knowes not
How much I suffer'd for her love so long,
I dare proceed no further.

Phenic. Come, you must
Unfold this darke *Ænigma*, I doe long
To heare your story to the end; but if
You be so modest, let me see the picture,
And I'll dispence the trouble of your speech.

Amand. Madame 'tis yours, to doth the blushing morn
Cast

The Phanix in her flames.

Cast a most pure vermilion on her cheekes
When *Phabus* doth salute her, wonder not
Admired Goddess that I am so bould,
To court a beauty doth deserve the stile
Of more then mortall, love compell'd me to
This high presumption, and confirm'd me in it
By telling that his mother lov'd a mortall,
Inno and *Pallas* did the like, he swore,
Yea chaste *Diana* though she were so coy,
Cupid wil be depos'd upon the booke
Would sport in private, upon *Latmus* top,
With faire *Endimion* once a shepherds boy;
Descend a little from your heavenly state,
And looke upon a wretch, who layes his life
Now at your mercy; can you grant me love
And life, divine *Phanicia*.

Phanic. Noble Prince,
My tounge can now not found the negative,
Although I faine would, for my heart commands
That instrument of speech who in this thinge
Is all affirmative; I never could
Dissemble what I thought, and therefore tell you
I'm yours, if you be mine, so firme united
Vnto your love as death shall not dislove
The gordian knot is ty'd betweene us two:
But Sir we doe forget our selves to stay
So long together here, suspitious eyes
Will overlooke our actions, and I feare
Alectos malice and his jealousie,
See where he passes by, we are discover'd,
Come let's away, next meeting shall conclude,
If fates doe say amen, loves interlude.

Exeunt.

The Prince of Persia, Lucinda, the Embassador.

Perse. Madam we heare you're fallen of from us
In your affection, and preferre *Amandus*
In your best thoughts before the *Persian* Prince,

The Phoenix in her flames.

How can you answer this, and save your honour? *From a Sto*

Lucind. I'll lay the fault (if any be) on Love,
Chide him not me; I was obliged to
The valour of *Amandus* for my life
And honour, when they both endangered were
By fierce *Rapinus*, was not this a tye
To make me love him?

Perse. Yes but not so much
To doate upon him as I heare you doe,
Your reputation I must tell you Lady
Suffers reproach & scandall, and herein
You undergoe, the censure of bad tongues
Which will not cease to blaze you.

Lucind. Sir you are
A most unworthy Prince to tax my fame,
I never thought you other, though I were
Enforc'd to entertaine your love embassage,
My heart ne're condescended to my journey,
For fame had told me what you were though rich
In the externall fortunes of the world,
Yet poore in the internall faculties
And vertues of the mind, which do adorne
A Prince more then his greatnesse; I disclaime
All interest you can or may allage
In my affection, for I (come the man
Shall question my good name.

Perse. This doth confirme
Your foule disloyalty, your owne tongue almost
Tels me you have beene false, I do believe it,
Else would you not have broake your plighted faith,
Nor staid with poore *Amandus* when you might
Come over unto me without disturbance;
Is he to be put in scale with me?

An exile banish'd from his native home,
A poore distress'd Pilgrime? what although
He were sometimes *Damascus* petty Prince,
He now is but a begger, and at best,
When most he flourish'd in his state and fortune,

The Phoenix in her flames.

Was then but worthy to attend my traine,
And could you be so prodigall of love
And favours on this man, as to adventure
The shipwrack of your honour and your oath,
The high displeasure of the King your Father,
And your perpetuall ruine: I am glad
The match is broaken off, and by your meanes,
I am not guilty of the breach of faith.
Were you endow'd with both the Indies wealth
And were the daughter of great *Alexander*,
Were you ten times more faire then you are,
By all the gods we worship and adore,
I would not marry you to weare a Crowne
Athen should lay claime too; *Persens* bed
I trow, deserves to have a Maiden-head.

Offers to goe out the Embassadour saies him.

Embassa. Stay, in the mighty *Souldans* Name my King
I do defie thee unto mortall warre
For this base wrong, and foule contagious spot
Thy leproous mouth hath vomited against
The Princesses reputation, looke to be
Call'd to a strict accompt for this abuse.

Perse. I do not feare thy King, but sleight his force
As weake and feeble to incounter mine
He durst not looke our country in the face
In angry armes, we are more apt and likely
To enter on his confines with an army.

Lucinda. And be taken prisoner, valiant Prince,
As in this Country with so small a force;
You've reason sure to boast your mighty power
Tis so redoubted by your wit and valour,
Experience shoves it.

Perse. Lady of lost honour
Your jeering cannot patch your broaken credit,
I will divulge you, and your Fathers Kingdome
Shall pay the wrong you did me, so farewell.

exit Persens.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Lycind. Iust heavens beare witnesse of mine innocence,
And cleare me of this foule asperſion which
This villaine caſts upon me undeserved,
If I have plaid ſaſe, let the greateſt plagues
You can inflict fall on mee, let the earth
Gape and devoure me, let your thunderbolts
Light on my head, and ſtrike me to the center,
But if I'm guiltleſſe (as you know I am)
Returne your plagues on him that is the author
Of thoſe my wrongs, and let him juſtly ſuffer
The utmoſt of your rage, that by his fate
The world may know his ſcandall was but hate.

The King, Aleſto, with attendants.

King. Nephew we underſtand how intimate
And deare you are unto the *Persian* Prince,
How much he honoureth your ſociety
Above all others, you can well informe us
What entertainment he doth give his fortune,
And how a priſoner ſuites his loſty mind.

Aleſto. At firſt he ſtorm'd and curs'd his angry ſtars,
Revil'd the fates, and rail'd againſt the gods,
Refus'd to eate or drinke, baniſh'd all ſleepe
From entring in his eyes, lock'd up himſelfe
Within his private ſtudy all alone,
Comm'n'ling none upon his high diſpleaſure
Should offer to diſturbe his meditation:
His high ſwolne heart, was big with angry paſſion
Vntill another farre more powerfull wrought
A contrary effect, and that was love,
For gazing on the Princeſſe peerleſſe beauty
With ſurſetting delight, a ſudden ſhaft
Sent from the curious cirelet of her eye
Stroake him unto the heart, and there withall
* The winged archer, ſprung up from his ſtand *
And tooke him priſoner, now he languiſheth,

The Phoenix in her flames.

But pleasingly doth take this second chance,
Submits with patience to the will and pleasure
Of faire *Phenicia* Lady conquereſſe,
And glories to be manacled by her
Whole priſon he eſteemes, and doth preferre
Before the Palace of the greateſt Kings.

King. This thing is motion'd to us; how think you
Can I beſtow her better, or find out
A marriage greater or more honourable?

Ale. You cannot though you ſought the ſpacious world
From one end to the other—— I muſt turne
My thoughts unto as many ſeverall ſhapes
As *Proteus* uſd——*aſide.*

Have you propoſ'd this thing unto the Princeſſe?

King. Not yet but now we do intend to do it
Goe bid *Phenicia* hither to repaire
Vnto our preſence, we muſt ſpeake with her,

exit attendant.

How will ſhe entertaine the motion thinke you?
She cannot ſure diſlike or diſapprove it,
What's your opinion Nephew?

Aleſto. I ſhould thinke ſo,
But for one barre that lyeth in the way
Were that tane off al ſcruple were remov'd.

Enter Phenicia.

Phenici. Did you command me hither to repaire
Vnto your preſence Sir?

King. I did *Phenicia*,
And thi's the buſineſſe, daughter you perceiue
My care and ſtudy of your future good,
And Fatherly affection: I am old
And cannot live long by the courſe of nature,
If I might ſee thee marryed as becomes
Thy ſtate and fortune ere I left the world,
And ſettled well my Crowne for thy poſſeſſion,
I then ſhould welcōme death, come when it would,
And theſe gray haireſ descend into my grave

The Phoenix in her flames.

Without disturbance, there is offered now
A marriage, shall advance thy regall state
Above the clouds, and make thee overtop
The greatest Queenes and Empresses that are;

Phenic. Unless it be *Amalandus* I shall be
The most unhappiest Princeesse of the earth
Please you my royall Father to acquaint me,
Who is the party meant?

The Persian Prince,
He loves and serves you with a strong devotion,
Yea doth even idolize you in his heart
His saint and goddesse; he hath se'd unto me
My liking might procure you to his wife,
And I have granted what he did demand;
I know your vertue's such and your obedience
As not to stand against our will and pleasure,
Especially when it presents you nothing
But what is for your honour and high fortune.

Phenic. Please you to heare me, this you do propose
Is most unlawfull, and my conscience tels me
It were a sinne to thinke off: for you know
The Prince of Persia is betroathed to
The beautifull *Lucinda*, and shall I
Be guilty of the breach of faith betweene them?
Farre be it from me; I beleeve he is
Inconstant in his love, and apt to change
From one unto another, his large ticks
Shall never winne me to his wavering humour,
I rather would content me with a match
Inferiour farre so I might marry vertue,
In him indeed I cannot, for not only
Fame but experience manifests his vices.

King. Come, come, you are a foolish girle to make
These vaine excuses to put off your good,
You do presume too much upon our love
And tender nature, we have beene too fond
And given you too much of your will; unless
You do conforme your selfe to our command,

The Phoenix in her flames.

We shall beare o're you a severer hand:
Get out my sight, and thinke upon your duty.

Exit Phœnicia.

Allecto. Why how now noble Prince, why how come you come now? Is this not strange, *Allecto*, that my daughter you come now? Is so averle unto her good? you could me? I do believe you do believe you Lay in the way might chance to stop the match, into the late Phoenix? What is it prethee that we may remove it? so melancholy? *Allecto.* She loves *Amandus*, and he loves her, I over heard their courtship in the garden, their amorous discourse, and protestations Of love and service, such affection shewen In action, gesture, speech, as greater was not And came before me. To say my heart To lay my heart betweene faire *Herod* and *Leander*, Their eyes stood fixt upon each others face, Their tongues were sometimes mute and could not utter Th' abundance of their hearts, then would their sighes Supply that silence, till they had recover'd The instrument of speech to make it move, I never saw more passion us'd in love.

King. This makes me wonder much that her ambition Beares such an humble wing, we must not suffer This businesse to runne on, what though we are Bound to *Amandus* in a high degree, Yet not so much his benefits obliges As to conferre our Daughter and our Crowne Vpon his merits, whose poore state is such As he can give her nothing for a Dower: This must nor shall not be, our full indeavour Shall be imploy'd this love to breake and sever.

Exeunt

Per-

The Phoenix in her flames.

Perseus Aleto, Perseus musing.

Aleto. Why how now noble Prince, within a dūmp?
How come you so dejected in your thoughts
I do beseech you? hath your love sped ill
Vnto the faire *Phanicia*, or some other
Ill accident befall you, that you are
So melancholy Sir?

Perseus My dearest friend,
Welcome; the mistresse of my thoughts hath slain me
With too much cruelty alas, for when
I marched with my army led by love,
And came before the fortresse of her beauty,
To lay my siege there, how she playd upon me
From all her batteries, but when I began
To make approach. then from her angry eyes
Flew balles of wilde-fire, and granadoes follow'd,
Which scorcht and rent my heart, but last of all,
The cannon of her mouth so thundred on
My poore besieging thoughts, as I was faine
To raile my siege in haste, and get me gone,
This is the poore successe of my designe.

Aleto D'ye know Sir what's the cause you speed so ill?

Perse. I have been thinking on't, but cannot lay
The blame on any thing but fortunes malice,
Can you informe me better?

Aleto Would I could not.
I have found out *Amandus* hath her heart;
By what smoothe guile, or Syren oratorie
He wonne her to himselfe; I am not able
To give you satisfaction, or to guesse it:
This ancient enemy of yours and mine,
(For who stands ill affected unto you,
Shall ne're affected be by me your friend)
Hath now the second time deceiv'd your match.

Wrong

The Phanix in her flames.

Wrong of all wrongs! disgrace of all disgrace!
So to be cheated of two princely brides!
Sir, you must be reveng'd, deeply reveng'd,
Or else your Princely name will be reproach'd
With foulest infamy that can be spoke,
Blinde men and boyes will sing you in the streets
In Ballads, and at length 'twill grow a proverb,
So patient as the Prince of *Persia*,
If you sustaine those injuries which lye
So heavy on your Princely reputation.

Persus I am even burst with rage and jealousy,
That villaine, vagabond, that renegado,
Borne to be author of my sufferings,
Shall not out-live one day; I am incens'd
Beyond all measure, and I cannot longer
Containe my selfe, I'll finde that begger out.

Alceto Stay Sir, be patient, and doe things discreetly,
I'll joyne with you, and have a hand as deep
Or deeper as your selfe in your revenge,
For the great love I beare you: by the gods
I am as much touch'd with your wrongs, and am
As zealous in your cause, as you your selfe.
And now to worke to bring our ends to passe,
I have a dainty powder here that was
Ordain'd for such a purpose, which will worke
Effect unto our wish if it but fall
Into his cup, or light upon his haire,
'Twill soone dispatch him with a powder hence,
Such vertue is therein: we shall corrupt
His Barber by rich gifts, or by some other
Vnthought of way as yet, procure the same
To be employ'd and us'd upon the Patient.
This physicke is ordain'd for: like you this,
Or shall we yet devise some other way?

Persus These figges are too too common, and besides,
It doth not save the honour of a Prince
By such a way of cowardise to bring
Destruction to his foe; although *Amandus*

Deserve

The Phanix in her flames.

Deserve from me an ignominious death,
Yet 'cause he is a Prince, and bred in warre,
I faine would have him, like a souldier dye
Nobly, by sword or pistoll.

Alecio. He shall fall then
According to your will, and in this manner
If you approve it Sir, what if you send
A challenge to him for to meet you single,
A foot or horsebacke, in the field to answer
These shamefull wrongs he did you? I will be
Ready to rescue you when I perceive
You need my help with certain friends of mine,
Who will lye close the while, and undiscover'd,
Untill we see you have the worst, then forth
Wee'l breake, and soon dispatch that traytor Prince.

Perseus. This noble Duke, is daintily devis'd,
I shall be gratefull ever to your love,
And shew it in a large and ample manner,
Well I'll dispatch my challenge instantly.
I build upon your ayd, you will not faile me
In time of my extremity.

Alecio. The floods
Shall faile to pay their tribute to the sea,
Before I breake with noble *Perseus*.

Perseus. I'm confident of thee my dearest friend,
Aduce, untill we meet, our worke to end.

Exit Perseus.

Alecio. This now begins to work as I would wish;
The shallow witted *Persian* thinks my aymes
Doe beare a wing with his, and my ambition
Is bounded by his love: I fish'd to take
His good opinion with mine angle wit,
Not to advance his ends, but worke mine owne.
Alas poore Prince, he thinks I am his friend,
And on that plat-forme grounds his resolution:
He is deceiv'd, I'm friend unto my selfe,
And enemy to him: as to *Amandus*.
I hate them both, as being both my rivals:

The Phanix in her flames.

Rivals unto my love, and to my kingdom:
Neither must live, neither survive the other.
I'll let them fight till one of them be kill'd;
The *Persian* shall in vaine expect reliefe,
Although distress'd: the conquerour shall dye
By me and my associates: these remov'd
The way unto my Crowne,, lyes smooth and easie;
The Princeesse sure will breake her heart for griefe.
The King I'll poyson, then *Alecto* raigne
King of *Arabia*, crowned by thy braine. *Exit.*

Amandus solus.

Amand. A furious challenge, and it speakes the man
All in a fire that sent it, but extreames
Are seldome permanent, I doubt 'twill prove
But like a sudden flash that's loone burnt out:
This is the time and place, but how comes it
The *Persian* is so tardy? this proud paper
Stuff full with ostentation, made me thinke
He would not be the last man in the field.
What, is his courage cold, or doth he now
Begin to take advis'd deliberation
Vpon the matter, that he staves so long?
I should not thinke so neither, for a Prince
Cannot so much forget his reputation,
No sure, he'll come, some businesse of import,
I doe beleeve, detaines him; I'll attend
His leisure here with patience, if my thoughts
Would but descend a little from their height,
I would consider too what should beget
This fierce challenge, but he comes, I must
Prepare to entertaine him.

Persens Here before me?
This honour I could hardly spare you Sir,
You came before the houre appointed, else
I could not be prevented.

Amand. Punctually

The Phoenix in her flames.

I did observe the time, but to what purpose
Are we come hither to discourse and talke,
And nothing else? I doe expect some doings,
Some wonders too hy you performed upon me,
If I may credit this your salutation,
Is the fume vanish'd?

Perseus Thou shalt finde it burne
Afresh to fierce flames, it was my goodnesse
That rak't it up in ashes, lest it should
Consume thee, and thou die in ignorance,
Before thou knew'st th'occasion, now I'll tell thee.

Lucindas wrongs and mine call on my sword
To doe the office of revenge upon
Thy treacherous head, thou didst dissolve the knot
Was ty'd between us two, and alienatest
Her heart from me, thou robst her of her honour,
And strumpettedst her fame, and not contented
With this abuse, thou dost proceed yet further
To doe me mischief with false filed tongue,
To wrest the faire *Phenicia* from my love:
These are grosse injuries, and such as cannot
Be undergone with patience, yet if thou
Wilt urge thy suit no further to this Lady,
But give up all thy right in her to me:
I will forget thy former injuries,
And count thee for my friend.

Amandus Coward, villaine,
Art thou my rivall in *Phenicia* love?
And doe I suffer thee to breathe a minute
To utter these bold words, these defamations,
These lyes and slanders; know *Phenicia* hates
Thy sight as a pernicious Basiliske,
Here farther, reade my minde.

they draw and fight, Perseus receives a hurt.

Perseus Thou seest my breath
Failes, if thou art a Prince, and nobly minded,
Thou wilt a little intermit the fight.

Amand. Breath then a little longer, though I might

The Phantick in her flames.

I may deny it, since we are not tyed
To any such conditions in a duell:
But wherefore doe you cast your sight about?
I doubt some treachery, come, I'll delay
The time no longer, there have at thee Prince.
they fight againe.
Guard well thy life, it is endangered.

Perseus This may endanger thine if it hap right.
Perseus falls.

I faint and dye, hell light upon *Alecto*,
And all the suries rend his soule in pieces;
False perjar'd villaine. *dyes.*

Amand. I doe smell a plot
Layd for my life, his words betoken something.

Enter Alecto and his associates.

Alecto How's this! the noble Prince of *Persia* slaine,
And his bold murderer triumphing o're
His slaughtered body? come, my noble friend
Shall not dye unreveng'd.

*they fall all upon him, he defends himself,
and kills two.*

Amand. If there be any
Princely or royall blood within thy veynes,
Distaine it not for shame by such a fact,
To fight at such foule disadvantage with
A wounded wearied man, yet in this state,
Though faint with losse of blood, dismisse these men,
And I will try my fortune out with thee,
And if I fall, I'll say th' art noble too.

Alecto No, if thou liv'st, my fortunes then must dye:
I ayme, man, for the kingdome, and to gaine
The love of faire *Phantasia*, thou art a barre
That hinders both, therefore must be remoy'd:
This plot I did contrive, not with intent
To worke thy end alone, but *Perseus* too;
Now it is finish'd, make an easie passage

The Phoenix in her flames.

For life to issue forth me deare associates,
There's one gap more, a floud-gate large enough.
they all thrust at him, he falls.

Amand. Most impious wretch, think'st thou the gods a-
Will favour thy so damnable attempt?
Think'st thou to scape the justice of the heavens,
And to hood-wink the gods? no, though thou hast
Proceeded thus farte in thy villanies:
Though thou hast slaine me by thy base treachery,
My minde foretels thou shalt be soone cut off,
And all thy hopes destroyd.

Consolario, Colonell, Gentleman, Mountaineers.

Consol. Where is my Prince?
Where is he? torment to my wounded heart?
Weltring in his owne bloud.

Colon. How? heavens defend,
What impious hand hath done so foule an act?
Speake Noble Prince, speake quickly.

Amand. Worthy friends,
You're fitly come here to revenge my death,
There stands the villaine, and his treacherous crue
Who did procure it.

Gent. We will sacrifice
Their lives with speed, to pacifie your spirit;
But that's a poore requitall for our losse:
Villaines, our swords must send you hence to hell,
Goe, and the furies give you entertainment.

they kill Alecto and all his friends.
Consol. Deare Sir, how doe you? speake to *Consolario*,
Speake to your tutor, ope these lovely eyes,
And look with pity on the aged face
Of him that dyes for sorrow of your wounds.
Deare sonne, speake comfort to thy fathers heart.
(For so you bid me stile, you to my death)
I faint, yet let one word come from your mouth,
To tell me that you heare my grievous moane.

The Phoenix in her flames.

And I shall die in peace.

Amand. Deare *Consolaris*
Thy orie have wak'd me from a pleasing sleepe,

I love thee still in death and after death.

Consol. But I'll die first, so, to my heart strings breake!

Falls downe dead by Amandus.
Amand. Helpe, helpe, my Fathers fallen in a wound.

Colon He's dead sweet Prince and pass'd recovery.

Amand. I'll soone be with him, for I must not looke
His lov'd society; have you reveng'd
My death, upon *Alto* and the rest?

Gent. Tis done, deare Sir, see where the villaines ly.

Amand. Thanks dearest friends, one thing before I dy
I shall request you if my failing breath
Will give me leave to utter it, tis this,

Tell faire *Phenicia* my beloved Princeesse

The story of my death, tell how I love her,

And grieve to leave her comfortlesse alone.

I cannot fully speake my mind unto you,

For death stops up the passage of my speach;

Adieu deare friends, adieu, *Phenicia*

I dye thy servant, sweet *Phenicia*.

Colon. Farewell brave Prince, we thy unworthy subjects
Can but lament thy losse, and curse the fates

For their unjust decrees; O could they not

Have spar'd the chiefe of Princes to give lustre

Vnto the world? could not they see his beauty

And vertue shining in their glorious Orbes?

His youth faire blooming? cruell destinies!

Come now your shoulders honour with his Coarse

Sweeter then all the perfumes of the Realme,

Some to bring *Consolaris* body off;

We'll see this fatall Land *Arabia* shall

Provide them both a royall Funerall,

Exeunt,

Phenicia,

The Phoenix in her flames.

Phenicia, Saba her maid.

Pheni. Do I yet breath and live when he that was
The comfort of my life lies dead and breathlesse?
Can I behold another Sunne but that
Which shin'd from his maiestick countenance,
Eclipted now by death, procur'd by treason:
O heavens grant freedom to my troubled spirit
To breake this prison of mortality,
And to get loose with wings of swift desire
To meete my lover in the Elizian fields.
O how I languish here! harke blessed spirit
Of my departed friend (for I believe
Thou dost refine this aire) harke to my woes;
Do not condemne *Phenicia* that she staies
So long behind thee, for thou know'st her soule
Desires to take her flight into thy bosome,
Nor shall she meete a stop (I am resoly'd)
Amandus have a little patience yet,
And then I come, tis but a minute longer
Vntill I do contrive an easie way
For life to fally forrh: my trusty maid
My faithfull *Saba*, now assist thy Mistresse

In this kind office that I shall command,
Wherein thy love shall more appeare then ever:
I loath this life thou see'st, goe fetch my Doctor
I must take his advise, thou wilt be secret,
I am assur'd, I have so often had
Experience of thy faith; wilt thou dispatch,
And bring him to me with all expedition?

Saba. What you command my duty will me do
Without dispute, I'll instantly returne
And bring the Doctor ——— *Exit Saba.*

Pheni. Do so trusty servant
And thy reward shall follow; I must work
This Doctor to my will by faire intreaties,
And if that faile, by large rewards and gifts,
I'll leave no way untri'd, nor unattempted,

The Phoenix in her flames.

Vntill I do prevaile. ——— *Enter Doctor with Saba.*

Pheni. My worthy Friend
And hitherto preserver of my health,
I have a businesse now wherein I shall
Make triall of your utmost love and trust,
In which you must not faile me.

Doctor. Gracious Princeesse
My life shall be imploy'd in any service
You shall have need to use it.

Pheni. These are words
Of ceremonious complement, you shall not
Adventure so for me, tis but a trifle
I would imploy you in.

Doct. What ist, I do beseech
Your Grace to tell me, and tis done with speed.

Phen. But I must have you sweare to execute
The thing intended, and be secret too,
Else I shall thinke you never were my friend.

Doct. Tis some great matter that you bind me thus,
But Ladies wils must not be disobey'd,
Since tis your pleasure that I take my oath,
I here protest before the gods above
To do the utmost of my power therein.

Phen. Well then, you know my love, you know my losse,
You know the vertues of that noble Prince
Whose death exhausts teares from forth mine eyes
And drops of bloud from my poore wounded heart;
I am resolv'd to die and now no longer
To carry such a heavy load about me
Of griefe and sorrow, which doth overweigh
By much the weaknesse of a womans nature;
Kind friend you must be the instrument to send me
Vnto the Prince *Amandus*, whose sweet spirit
Shall come with mine, and hover o're your house,
Vntill the whistling aire sound both our thanks:
Come do this friendly office, you are us'd
Vnto it by your oath, you must not start,
Or fall back from your former resolution.

The Phoenix in her flames.

Dott. You do but try me, Madame, if I will
Prove such a villaine, sure you cannot meane
Sincerely what you speake, or if you did,
This is a thing unlawfull, there was nothing
You could command me but this only thing
That I would not performe, but pardon me
I must dispence with oath and all things else
To leave this deed undone.

Phan. And perjur'd prove
Vnto the gods, and false unto thy Mistresse
O cruell man ! feele thou the paine I suffer
And wil't not lend thy hand to ease my torment ?
Are all my favours out of thy remembrance ?
Could they not bind thee to this court sicke ?
Take pittie on mee yet, and here is gold
Enough to purchase thee a Lordship faire,
What say'st thou to me ?

Dott. I am doubtfull whether,
To grant or to deny, but yet you have not
Declar'd your mind at full ; what must I doe ?

Phan. Devise an easie way for me to die,
Not in a common ordinary roade,
Which many use by cutting of a vaine
Or such like, to get passage to their blisse ;
I saw the Phoenix burning in her flames
The other day, and was inamour'd of
So sweet a death, I wold die to too
Your art can helpe me in the imitation.

Dott. Tis true I can compose variety
Of gummes, of drugges and spices mixt together,
And make a perfume not unlike unto
The Phoenix Funerall fire, whereby you may
Besweetly smother'd lying in your bed,
As she is in her nest, but I would rather
You would desert from this your resolution,
And make a tryall of my love and service
In any other thing,

The Phoenix in her flames.

Phen. It is more easie
To stopp the current of a swelling river,
Or to remove a mountaine from his place,
Then to divert my minde from this, whereupon
It doth so firmly fixe, therefore kinde Sir
Send me forthwith by this my maide (for now
The time fits right) this excellent receipt.

Doctor. Your will shall be obey'd, mine shall give place.
Come maiden will you goe?

Exit Doctor and Maide.

Phen. Disptach her to me
With all the hast you can, in the meane time
I'll rest me on my bed, and never rise
Vntill I see *Amandus* with mine eyes

She lyes downe.

This short, or rather this longe time I have
To breath the aire of woe (for life is tedious
To those that take no pleasure but in death)
Shall be employ'd wholly in meditation,
How sweetly I shall passe unto my freind,
And come unto him as in sacrifice,
Mine altar smoaking incense and perfume.

Doctor and Maide againe.

Doct. Madame, I'm come my selfe to doe the deed,
Doubting the maide should faile in my directions.

Phen. Most welcome, sacred priest, for that's the title
Your office now requires, because you are
To sacrifice me to *Amandus* shrine
A spotlesse Virgin; nay delay no time,
But presently about it, light the fire
Whilst I attend the sweet ascending flame
Here in my bed with longing expectation
To wrap my body round, dispatch & pray.

Saba. Tis kindled, Madam, and a cloud of smoke
Shroudes you from sight.

Phen. I smell a heavenly vapour

The Phanix in her flames.

Affaulting my weake breath, now Prince I come,
Beloved Prince thy deare *Phenicia* comes,
Be ready to receive her, for her spirit
Ascends up in this smoaky sacrifice.

Saba She's dead Sir, for the sweetnesse of the fume
Hath smothered her senses.

Doct. 'Twas her pleasure
She would not be dissuaded from her purpose.
I must be gone, here is no safe abiding.

Saba I dare not stay here neither, though her letter
Be a sufficient warrant for our lives;
I'll leave it on the bed, because the King
May finde it if he chance to enter in.

Exeunt Doctor and Saba.

Enter the King with attendance.

King How sweet my daughter sleeps and how her breath
Perfumes the chamber o're like *Arabs* gummes,
I'll wake my darling with a fathers kisse,
She sleeps too long, how's this? her lips are cold,
Her cheeks are pale, aye me, I feare she's sicke,
I cannot feele her pulse, nor yet perceive
The passage of her breath; O heavens, she's dead,
A Doctor there with speed, my daughter deare,
Speake to thy aged father: O shee's gone.

Doctor, Lucinda, Emb. Colon, Gentleman.

What say you master Doctor? is there hope
To call backe life againe?

Doct. My gracious Sovereaigne,
'Tis too farre fled to be revok't, the art
O *Aesculapius* could doe nothing in't,
Nor all the power of phyicke, nor the force
Of medicine can helpe.

King O then I am
The wretchedst man alive, why was I borne
To see this wofull houre? but what is this?
My daughters will and testament

The Phanix in her flames.

'Twill give me satisfaction of her death:
'Tis her owne hand and seale, these the contents.
My royall father, please you understand,
Despaire and sorrow for *Amandus* death,
(Whom heavens ordaind the owner of my heart)
Made me loath life, and seeke this way to dye
In perfume like the Phænix, none is guilty
Vnto my death but *I* my selfe: deare Sir,
I humbly crave you would be pleas'd to lay
My ashes in *Amandus* urne with his,
That so my spirit may rest in quietnesse.

King Thy will shall be perform'd, lye there gray hayres
And aged head, think now no more to weare
A regall Crowne, nor feeble hands to weild
A scepter, thinke of nothing but a grave:
I'm comming daughter, and *I* will surprise thee
Before thou art aware, beloved corps!
Help, bring it hence unto our bed chamber,
That *I* may breake my heart, whilst *I* embrace
The body 'tween my armes.

Exit King, and the body of Phœnicia.

Embas. What tragicke Scenes
This fatall land presents? come Madame, let us
Return to Egypt, to the King your father,
And make relation of these sad disasters
That have befalln in this our pilgrimage.

Lucind. Let it be so since things have falne out thus,
When *I* come to my native Land, my thoughts
Shall shunne all pleasures, banish all delights,
And live *Dianas* Votary *I* will,
Till death shut up the remnant of my dayes.
What course sirs will you take?

Colon. Faire Princeesse, we
Intend to travell backe unto *Damascus*,
Where we first breath'd, there to surrender up
Our breath againe unto the Land that gave it.
The *Tartars* swords, we hope will cut it off.

Lucinda Nay rather goe with us, & live in pleasure

The Phoenix in her flames.

At the *Egyptian* Court, for I'll assure you
High honours and preferments for the favours
You shew'd me once in my captivity,
And for his sake, whom yet in death I love,
But I shall not participate in joy.

Gent. Alas, deare Madame, we abhorre delights
As much as you, since our delight is gone;
We thanke your noble courtesie, but cannot
Accept it, for despaire and sorrow doth
Possesse our very soules, come, let us goe
And leave this Land so much repleat with woe.

Exeunt omnes.



The Epilogue.

A Novelty is hapned since the Play
Was ended, and it came to passe this way,
A scrowle was found within the spicy bed
Of that rare Phenix, faire Phenicia dead,
Seal'd up, and superscrib'd thus, to all such
Whom mine and Prince Amandus fate doth
With any sorrow : these were the contents, (tongh
We thanke you all for your kinde audience.
Come, and be welcome still, and let your friends,
Who have not seene as yet our tragicke end,
Come here and weepe with you, untill together,
You make up this a full prest'd theater :
Then it shall please our ghosts to thinke the age
Pitties our wrongs presented on the Stage.

FINIS.